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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

Mr. Chamberlain is going to South Africa on one of His Majesty's ships of war: and everyone is very much excited about the visit. On the Continent, where almost a grandmotherly interest is now taken in British management of her South African possessions, the press has devoted long columns to the news and is good enough to lecture him on his attitude when he gets there. The "Times" quoting the "Débats" expresses a parental hope, worded with the moral seriousness of a Polonius, that this Laertes will keep a lock on the door of his lips, as if Mr. Chamberlain were a young politician setting out on his first essay in diplomacy. It is undoubtedly very wise of Mr. Chamberlain to pay the visit and he is establishing a good precedent: but it is hardly the tour of a Hadrian. One may hope that he will spend a great part of his time and energy in considering the state of Cape Colony. The welcome he will receive there will no doubt be enthusiastic but Sir Gordon Sprigg is one of those who will find some difficulty in assuming a natural air of hospitality. When he gave his assurances at the time of the Colonial Conference he did not expect again to see Mr. Chamberlain for some time to come. The date of the journey is not yet published: it will depend to some extent on the fortunes of the Education Bill and the political outlook.

Lord Milner's letter to the Lord Mayor, denying the news of any fund for the loyalists in the new colonies, may help both to create and dissipate a misconception. The noise and importunity of the Boers have given to their case an advertisement which the loyalists have lacked and there have been instances in which the Boers have had preferential treatment. The contrast between the carriages in which the repatriated prisoners were conveyed back and the trucks in which our soldiers travelled to the Cape is such an instance. To colonial soldiers, such as the United Empire loyalists from Canada who remember how they were chased from the States, any tenderness to men of doubtful loyalty is even repellent; and surrender, which to the Government may seem diplomatic, is in their eyes a subtraction from gratitude to loyalists. But there is no general hardship in the Free State or in the Transvaal and it would be a pity if a few examples were

exaggerated. On the other hand the loyalists in the Cape have a claim for much more support and sympathy than they have received. Their party has been sold in the Cape Parliament, the expression of loyal sentiments is dangerous, boycotting flourishes and there is no compensation for fidelity. Disloyalists are being manufactured. It is worth remembering that the largest sum, relatively to the wealth of the country, ever collected in London was on behalf of the Huguenots whom the king of another country maltreated. Are we at this date to allow a colony of our own to revoke its promises and drive out its loyal subjects? Some sort of emigration has already begun.

Following close on Mr. Tarte's dismissal from the Canadian Government on account of his protectionist utterances, came a speech from Mr. Borden the Conservative leader. Mr. Borden promises on behalf of the next Conservative Government a policy of adequate protection for Canadian industries. His views are endorsed by the leader of the Conservative party in Quebec. Mr. Borden evidently believes that Canada is tiring of the fiscal régime of the Laurier Ministry and would be prepared at the earliest opportunity to go back on it. His protectionist views however do not mean what the free trader in Great Britain is eager to suggest. It is true he advocates a tariff not only against the United States but against Great Britain also; but so far as Great Britain is concerned his object would be to secure a preference for Canadian produce in the English market. In other words he takes a practical view of the economic question, and does not believe in a one-sided fiscal system. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's original view that Canada does not desire preferential treatment disposed of the case of the economic reformer here. Mr. Borden would restore the question to the category of common sense—at the expense largely of Great Britain.

We are not likely to hear important news from Somaliland for some time. Lord Cranborne made a statement in the House on Tuesday of the reinforcements that have been and are to be sent out, but the weather will prevent active operations till next year. Colonel Swayne's original force numbered 2,300 of whom 1,500 were Somali levies. He asked for 900 "further reliable troops". The Government are sending two and a half thousand, which includes 270 men and 4 officers of the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, the 2nd Bombay Grenadiers and 400 men of the 23rd Bombay Rifles. With them will be sent six Maxims and a complete field hospital. Even with these additions



the force will be small—under 5,000 men—and it would be of interest to know whether the modesty of Colonel Swayne's request was due to his estimate of what he wanted or of what he could get. It is difficult to believe that such a force can be adequate to wear down a man who, whether mad or bad, has great numbers of men at his back whose weapons come from European factories.

Turkey and the Powers do not seem to think alike on frontier questions. The Porte has sent a circular note to complain of the bad policing of the Bulgarian frontier. The note is still being considered, and in the interval the Sultan has been reminded that Turkey itself is not impeccable in the matter of frontiers. The Aden frontier has so frequently been violated by Turkish soldiers that Sir Nicholas O'Connor not only had to draw the Sultan's attention to the discourtesy but to threaten that if it continued, Indian troops would be called in to prevent further violation by force. The incident is now regarded as closed and has perhaps been given rather more prominence than it deserved; but the local annoyance has been considerable and the quarrel of the world is the cause of not a little international jealousy.

The question which Mr. Moon put to Lord Cranborne as to the date of the Russian communications with regard to Afghanistan was worth asking. The first request from Russia was sent on 6 February 1900. The date is important. On 24 January the ill-success of the attack on Spion Kop was known in Europe. On the Continent as in England the defeat there was accepted as news of the utmost gravity. It might have meant the surrender of Ladysmith and a rising in the Cape. It can scarcely be an accident that this season was selected by Russia to begin again her intrigues. Happily Spion Kop was the last of the grave mishaps. Less than three weeks after the Russian request came the news of the relief of Ladysmith, and this little insidious advance remained in its state of primal innocence. But the comparison of dates shows on what calculations diplomacy in Russia is apt to work.

The action of M. Combes in prohibiting the use of the Breton language in the schools is a piece of very stupid and very old-fashioned spite. Ever since the first French Revolution linguistic peculiarities have spelled to the French Republican fanatic incivism against which war has been incessantly waged. No district has in this way suffered more than has Brittany, but the result is that to-day one million three hundred thousand people speak Breton as their mother tongue. The fanatics who rule France however have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. What they will effect will be that the French language will make less progress than ever in Brittany—as firstly provincial feeling will be aroused against it and secondly (as our Welsh experience has shown) unless Breton is used as the vehicle for instruction, the Breton child will never properly understand the meaning of French words. Meanwhile Welsh and Irish Nationalists, among whom France to-day counts her best friends here, will be shocked with Gallic Philistinism. M. Jules Ferry acted more sensibly when he sent M. D'Arbois de Jubainville here to catalogue our Gaelic manuscripts.

Steady progress has been made with the Education Bill in the House this week. Some important points have been settled as to the teachers. The consent of the local authority will be required for the dismissal of a teacher in a denominational school, unless he is dismissed on grounds connected with religious instruction. Then the Government intimated that the question of the employment of teachers on other than school work, such as organ playing and choir training, will be regulated in the next Code. But the most important change is that embodied in Mr. Hobhouse's amendment, accepted by the Government, empowering managers to appoint assistant teachers without any regard to the religious requirements of the trust deed; this was a concession to Nonconformist agitation. As to pupil teachers, the Government has

inserted a provision empowering the local authority to select, where there are more candidates than vacancies in a denominational school. By accepting the Kenyon-Slaney amendment putting religious instruction under the control of the managers, including the undenominational managers who might be atheists, Mr. Balfour has done his very best to prevent his own Bill from working. On the whole, great as will be the educational advance under the Bill, it is increasingly evident that there is no ground for denominational gratitude. The denominational element is fining down so rapidly that we are more strongly convinced than ever that the better plan for religious teaching would have been to trust to the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause with religious instruction according to the parent's desire in all elementary schools alike; and then there would be less, if any, need for a dual system of schools at all. Sir John Gorst pointed this out on Thursday. By the way Sir John's support of the Bill, far better than anything contributed by his successor, Sir W. Anson, is a brilliant comment on the charge of disloyalty so freely levelled against him.

After a good deal of mere child's play between Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Nationalist Party got their chance on Monday of attacking the Irish administration of the Government. Mr. O'Brien moved the adjournment with more of froth than fury, once coming—to the exquisite joy of the other side—into collision in regard to the De Freyne estate with his own. Mr. Jasper Tully, who, though he has had the mishap to lie on a plank bed and to be "coerced in every quarter of the House", keeps intact his fund of drollery. The whole point is, Are the Government justified in intervening with exceptional law in those parts of Ireland where intimidation and boycotting, that cannot be quelled by the ordinary law, are more or less prevalent? Crime of the darker shade is very markedly absent from Ireland to-day, as Mr. Wyndham admits: that seems to tell against the Government policy: on the other hand Mr. Wyndham clearly believes that unless exceptional law is applied, intimidation and boycotting cannot be dealt with and will increase: and though Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, sleekly comfortable in life, may waive these aside as "political offences" they are none the less most hurtful and dastardly. We are not without hope however that these offences will dwindle away and that Mr. Wyndham will presently be able to relax.

It is strange that it should never have occurred to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that unity in a party comes not from the avoidance of offence but the force of a common motive. At Edinburgh he made the most engaging efforts to support the unity of the party and insisted that the motion proposed on the jaded theme should find no dissentient. The compliments he paid to Mr. Chamberlain were more polite than even the leaders of the Conservative party could compass; and if he had one thrust at the Liberal League, it was concealed in a spoonful of suavity. There was a time when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's name was canvassed for the post of Speaker and in that judicial position he might have earned golden opinions from all sorts of men. But a leader needs other attributes than a Speaker. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman spoke of "the dead weight we are carrying in the House". If the dead weight, the Liberal "passengers", are a check to the progress of the party, the fault lies with the stroke; and Mr. Wason's "conference to secure unity" can only succeed, if it can discover some "born stroke" in place of an embarrassment of coaches.

Mr. Asquith, with "a silver trowel of handsome design" that did not escape the curious eye of the reporters, laid the memorial stone of a new public library at West Ham on Wednesday. His view that public libraries are of greatest value to the nation is entirely sound, and he put it none too strongly. It is no small credit to West Ham that, though one of the poorest of Metropolitan boroughs—something like three-fourths of its assessments are on premises of an annual value of £20 or less—it has adopted the Act.



But we fancy Mr. Asquith must have used much midnight oil over "The Pleasures of Life" or "The Hundred Best Books" the night before, or it may be one of Smiles' works. Else why should he talk of Mr. Passmore Edwards "opening the very gateway of knowledge"? When he tells us "the railway came [to West Ham] and, as elsewhere, proved the most magical of transforming agencies" we feel sure it was Lord Avebury or Dr. Smiles he had been at. We make no doubt that Mr. Asquith has been cast down by the monstrous action of "one of the richest Metropolitan boroughs" in declining "the offer of a well-known public benefactor" who offered to build a library. But why not say Mr. Carnegie outright? The Liberal leaders seem inclined to veil the naked splendour of that name. What they can do when they like is illustrated by Mr. Asquith's sounding eulogy of Mr. Edwards and "the monuments of his enlightened munificence". Jonson's eulogy of Shakespeare pales before it.

The meeting held at the Mansion House on Monday to discuss the needs of the Port of London was due to a memorial signed by the leading bankers, merchants and shipowners of the City. The urgency of the question is everywhere allowed. A Royal Commission has recently been sitting on the question, the Corporation had appointed a committee to consider the details of the scheme, and on Monday yet another committee was appointed. Its commission will be to study how the docks and waterways of the Thames may be brought into a condition of absolute efficiency and adequacy in order to meet the present and future requirements of the trade of the capital. This last committee is formed of thirty-four members, and the size of it increases the fear that this committee like the last may come to some tardy conclusion which will be accepted, in the way of the findings of Royal Commissions, in lieu of reformation. The need is immediate, and there is nothing to hinder the settlement at least of the nature of the responsible authority.

The London County Council has a set determination to spoil the Embankment. On Tuesday they again decided to send up to Parliament a scheme for extending the tramway, which is to run down the new street, across the Strand along the Embankment and over Westminster Bridge. As it is quite certain that the Lords have too much regard for the few beauties of London to permit this Philistine disregard of them, one can consider the motion with comparative equanimity. The Council has been venomously attacked on behalf of the ratepayers for the financial extravagance of the proposal; but if North and South London are in such need of communication the tramway should pay its way; and for the betterment of London nothing is more needed than facility of communication. The fault is not in progressive finance. The danger of municipal government lies not in the irresponsible indulgence of the spendthrift spirit of which we have heard too much, but in the tendency to disregard the æsthetic side of life. The House of Lords is perhaps the one place where "the untaught graces" are given their full value; and the need of its influence in this direction increases directly with the advance of Board School education.

One may be permitted to feel some chastened pleasure in the collapse of two schemes of the financiers, mostly from America, who have been struggling with each other over the foundations of London. One would have more pity for the Morgan group, if the title did not suggest a certain capacity for looking to its own interest. They have used some strong language of the withdrawal of the United Tramways Company and the consequent collapse of the scheme upon which the two companies had combined. In response the withdrawing company give an unctuously ethical reason for the wreck they have caused. Their action was due solely to a late discovery of where the true interests of the public lay, and they are now engaged in arranging the new scheme with the District Railway. It is not necessary to believe overmuch either the abuse of one group or the self-commendation of the other. The

important point is that time has been gained in which some comprehensive scheme may be thought out, that shall lay stress on the need of London not on the emolument of Mr. Yerkes and Mr. Morgan.

On Wednesday Mr. Walter Long received an important deputation which urged the appointment of a Commission or Parliamentary Committee to inquire into the powers now exercised by water companies and municipalities of taking water to the detriment of local interests; also as to the prevention of waste of water on a large scale, and the pollution of rivers. The last of these questions is already being considered by a Commission, and we wonder that the deputation, which represented the County Councils Association, should have included it. Nor are we sure that it would be wise to do more to begin with than appoint a Commission or Committee to deal with the first-mentioned alone. It is of pressing importance. Most of the rivers round London and very many elsewhere have shrunk to an alarming extent of late years. We do not believe for a moment that the series of dry seasons accounts for this shrinkage, though without doubt it has had something to do with it. River after river in Kent and Hertfordshire has shrunk, whilst in parts of England remote from large towns many rivers have scarcely fallen away at all. The chalk is in the nature of a great sponge: if you draw water from it in large quantity and in one spot, the springs about, perhaps throughout the entire rain-catchment, are inevitably lowered. And yet a water company is never in need of an expert ready to swear that pumping does not affect the flow and level of the streams!

In the way of women's conferences the Women Workers' Conference in Edinburgh dissipated much of its energy on wide generalities; but in the intervals some good things were said. There is truth as well as epigram in the expressed belief that the only two important agents in emancipation during the last years of the century were the Universities and the bicycle. But perhaps the one point which is worth recovering on account of its immediate value from the expanse of theory is the sensible warning to women colonists. It is true enough that women are wanted in South Africa at least as much as men; but it will be altogether regrettable if women with the wrong training and of the wrong class go out. There is no need for women clerks, an army of workers which has increased by 100 per cent. in the last few years. Nor is there need of domestic servants as under present conditions people are quite willing to use the Kaffirs who are well fitted for the work. What is required is a body of women of education and power to organise other servants. Happily there are signs that a good many such are ready to go; and it goes without saying that such immigrants will be of incomparable value to the next generation in the two colonies.

At the International Conference on Tuberculosis in Berlin Professor Koch repeated the opinions he holds as to the non-transference of tuberculosis from animals to human beings which excited so much attention when they were first expressed at the London Congress. The further statement was made by Dr. Heron that since the original speech there had been in certain parts of Great Britain and Ireland a material relaxation of the law; and that the relaxation had not been followed by any increase in the death-rate from tuberculosis. But Dr. Heron did not commit himself as to the actual fact of either clause of this statement. It may be gathered from the proceedings of the Conference that there is an open mind amongst the experts on this question; and that the future history of it will be further research in an unbiassed spirit. At present it would not be wise to stop restrictive measures, even to save the money they cost and to spend it on convalescent homes and the improvement of dwellings as Dr. Koch thinks we might safely do. Ill housing has a great deal to do with the spread of tuberculosis; and this is an idea which should appeal to those who are indifferent to the housing question, as tuberculosis is infectious. Dr. Koch also pointed out the anomaly of sterilising milk while we do not sterilise butter, though on the present theory butter must be quite as dangerous.

A small and in itself unimportant accident occurred on the Great Eastern Railway on Tuesday last. The axle of a carriage snapped in two and it appeared that each compartment of the carriage contained twenty-two or twenty-three men. The case demands the notice of Parliament and the committees which are to settle the fate of the underground railway schemes. No railway company has made more consistent efforts than the Great Eastern to supply the needs of the district, but with the best possible organisation it is impossible in the space available to meet the demands of the suburban traffic. The best evidence that the company appreciate the needs of the neighbourhood lies in their support of a scheme, that was strangled some years ago by red tape, for building an underground railway which should have its terminus in Epping Forest. Piccadilly and Hammersmith can get along happily as they are, but the personal safety as well as comfort of thousands of working men demand an immediate escape from the East End into the clear air.

Another of Wren's churches is threatened: All Hallows, Lombard Street, is to be attacked, and of course, with its unvarying faithfulness to every Philistine ideal, the "Times" is anxious for the destruction. To the "Times" and the Philistines for whom it speaks it is all a matter of money: how much is the site of the church worth? How much could be made in rent if offices took the place of a church! One day we shall find the "Times" protesting against the waste involved in allowing St. Paul's to occupy ground which might be producing so many pounds per inch. We are not surprised at Philistinism in the "Times", but we are surprised to find sheer vulgarity in one of its leaders, for the "Times" is markedly scrupulous in avoiding vulgarity. An avowed secularist organ would hardly describe the services of a church as a "flourishing spiritual business", and an energetic clergyman as "advertising his wares", or the revenues of the church as "capital sunk in a business" and the "results" (the "Times" word for spiritual growth) as "very dear at the price". But perhaps this is Tonans' conception of humour. It much resembles that of the worse specimens of junior clerks.

At the commencement of the week extreme dullness prevailed in Stock Markets, but on the conclusion of the fortnightly settlement a better tone was apparent. Opinions were divided upon the question as to how the statement concerning the Colonial Secretary's intended early visit to South Africa should be regarded from a market point of view, but from the fact that Kaffirs were sold on the announcement it would appear that the majority of dealers looked upon it as a bear point, since the question of taxation may now remain in abeyance for some time. The South African market, however, met with some support later in the week, and the undertone is firm. At the annual general meeting of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, which will be held on 12 November, the directors will recommend that a cash dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax, be paid on the 2,000,000 ordinary shares, amounting to £500,000, leaving £1,675,927 to be carried forward. In addition to this, the company's shares investments show on current market prices a further large unrealised profit. The report and accounts will be in the hands of the shareholders on Monday, 3 November.

A feature of the markets was the activity shown by Industrial Stocks, prominent amongst those being Allsopp issues (which marked a considerable advance on rumours of a pending amalgamation), and James Nelson and Sons shares. Coats shares were also in good request. The demand for Grand Trunk issues continues, and the influential buying of the junior stocks seems to point to the belief that the Third Preference Stock will shortly again pay dividends, which it has not done since 1884. There is little of interest to note as to American Rails. A recovery has taken place in Home Railway Stocks where the public seem to be taking a little more interest, and Great Northern Deferred and the Scottish Stocks were in good demand. Consols 92½. Bank rate 4 per cent. (2 October).

#### THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

THE "Times" revelation of Russia's attitude in Manchuria; the murder of the British missionaries in Hunan; and a certain lack of confidence, to use no stronger word, in the validity of the new Commercial Treaty may give occasion to reflect whether the resettlement of affairs in China is so complete as diplomacy has seemed willing to believe. The question may even suggest itself as to the utility of placing on record undertakings which no one who has studied Russia's drift towards the Pacific expected to be kept. A member of Chang Chi-Tung's entourage is said to have expressed himself frankly to the effect that, as Russia had been promised Manchuria as a condition of upholding the Empress Dowager and dynasty, and had done so, the condition ought to be fulfilled; while a more recent remark by the "Echo de Chine" that Russia had promised to evacuate Manchuria exactly as England promised to evacuate Egypt was anticipated, if we are not mistaken, in London some twelve months ago. An uncertain factor in the problem is the attitude of Japan; for Russia in Manchuria is in menacing proximity to Korea, and Russian ascendancy in Korea is a contingency which Japan would certainly feel compelled to resist. Japan is scarcely likely however to have been more trustful than others and must have been prepared for the situation which Dr. Morrison depicts. British interests would be satisfied probably by the maintenance of the open door. Much of the antagonism, indeed, with which Russian aggrandisement is viewed arises from a conviction that her ascendancy means the imposition of preferential tariffs designed to exclude English and foster Russian trade. So long as Manchuria is even nominally subject to China our commercial treaties with China will rule there; and if Russia's pledges deter her from overt annexation a measure of our purpose will have been obtained. It is a legitimate assumption, indeed, that the resources of Manchuria will be developed, and its trade consequently increased, more rapidly under Russian than under Chinese auspices and that British interests will gain rather than suffer, provided that differential duties be firmly opposed.

Russian proceedings in Manchuria can at any rate be analysed and followed. The internal conditions of China offer a problem more interesting perhaps in one sense but in another more repellent because more obscure. The recent murder of our missionaries will scarcely surprise those whose associations with the East have led them to note the underlying forces which continue to exist, although their operations may appear to have been temporarily calmed. Hunan was for years considered the most anti-foreign province in the Empire. It was the centre from which denunciations of missionaries emanated: it is the home of Chou Han to whom a leading part in the diffusion of the literature which incited the riots of ten years ago was ascribed. Of new religions as a novel proposition the Chinese are probably more tolerant than any other people. But the missionary question has many sides, and it will be well if this fresh incident invests the article pledging Great Britain to join in a commission to investigate it with something more than academic respect.

The murder of Messrs. Bruce and Taylor seems to have been prompted by a belief that they were selling poisonous medicines which produced cholera; and here we must remember that the Chinese believe in witchcraft and its attendant nostrums as implicitly as did our ancestors some centuries ago. It is not long in the life of a nation since the vast majority of men and women in these islands believed that people could be done to death by sticking pins into a wax image or could be subjected to untold misfortune by the glance of an evil eye. If the Grand Turk had chosen that period to flood England with Mohammedan missionaries who insisted on buying land and building mosques wherever they chose, it is not inconceivable that the then current belief in sorcery and other strange crimes might have been directed somewhat energetically against intruders who were bent on overthrowing the national creed. It has been affirmed however by men well qualified to judge that the local officials can pre-



vent such outbreaks in China if they choose; and the foreign Ministers exacted the issue last year of an edict which was subsequently noted in the Protocol declaring Provincial officials of all grades responsible for order in their respective districts, and threatened immediate dismissal in case of new troubles not immediately repressed, the authors of which had not been punished. Prince Ching appears to have represented to Sir Ernest Satow that the guilty parties had been punished in the present case, and it is conceivably quite true that one or more of the actual rioters has lost his head. But a military official who shut his door in Mr. Lewis' face, when the latter sought refuge from the mob, remains at large and Sir Ernest has rightly and naturally declined to attend an imperial reception until this man and his fellows have been dealt with in accordance with their crime. It is an unfortunate corollary of the policy which permitted the return of the Empress Dowager and her clique to Peking and power that officials who stood by assenting to, if they did not instigate, the murder of missionaries, during the late outbreak, were allowed to escape with nominal banishment which is known to mean, in many cases, honourable residence among their friends. The present incident may furnish a commentary, and an illustration of the different lights in which foreign and Chinese Governments occasionally interpret written undertakings.

We confess to retaining a full measure of the apprehension expressed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 2 August as to the practical results of the Commercial Treaty, which was then foreshadowed and was actually signed on 5 September last. Sir James Mackay has expressed himself sanguine as to the intention of the Chinese to carry out, and to pursue, the reforms which it schedules. But Sir James' experience of China dates only from last year; whereas there are many who remember the Chinese promising—and failing to perform—most of the conditions which they have now gleefully scheduled afresh. Those who recall for instance Lord Elgin's conviction that he had settled the Inland Transit question by Article 28 of the Treaty of Tientsin may doubt whether the very complicated Article 8 with its sixteen sections and numerous explanatory paragraphs will prove more efficacious than that earlier attempt at a time when Peking had not yet discovered the extricative and recoiling properties of loans. Mr. Archibald Little, whose knowledge of the Chinese and of trade in the Yangtze Valley and Szechuen is probably unsurpassed, has given it (in a letter which appeared in the "North China Herald" of 25 June) as his experience that lekin and the so-called "destination" tax together rarely equal and never exceed 5 per cent.—making, with the import duty, 10 per cent. against the 12½ of the proposed import duty and surtax by which Sir James Mackay pledges us to purchase exemption. "As everyone who has had experience of lekin knows however (Mr. Little continues) it is not the amount of the lekin we suffer from, it is the delay caused by examination of our goods, and the frequent injury caused by such examination by the salt and opium lekin stations as well as by the numerous stations of the foreign customs that so seriously hamper our trade." The new treaty certainly abolishes the term lekin; and promises to abolish the barriers for its collection; but it retains the salt and opium stations and fails to explain how those stations are to detect whether a boat is smuggling salt or opium except by examining her cargo. One of the chief reasons, it is now recognised, for the failure of Lord Elgin's stipulation that the payment of 2½ per cent. in commutation of transit dues should free goods throughout the Empire from further charge was that it omitted to provide that this tax should go into the Provincial Exchequers in lieu of dues which were admittedly theirs. Sir James Mackay has tried to rectify that omission—not by a treaty clause as its importance would deserve—but by an annex in which the Chinese commissioners say they have memorialised the Throne to the effect that as a portion of the revenue of the different provinces is reserved for their local expenditure, it is "necessary to . . . issue an edict . . . directing the Board of Revenue to find out what proportion of the provincial revenues derived from lekin of all kinds . . .

each province has hitherto had to remit, and what proportion it has been entitled to retain, so that . . . due apportionment may be made" &c. One more familiar perhaps than Sir James Mackay with the ways of Peking might be reminded of a little fable about two cats which being unable to agree about dividing a piece of cheese laid the matter before a monkey. The monkey took to himself a pair of scales, divided the cheese into two pieces and proceeded to weigh them one against the other—but finding them unequal bit a piece alternately off each under pretence of trying to equalise them—till the cats seeing their cheese in danger of disappearing altogether begged him not to give himself any more trouble but to give them what remained; whereupon the monkey crammed the final morsel into his own mouth as his fee for adjudication and bade them both good morning. The chief difference in the present case is that there are several cats, which will increase the difficulty of adjustment and facilitate the acquisitions of Peking.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S MISSION.

SIX weeks ago it seemed as though Lord Milner must come to England again to give Mr. Chamberlain the information which only the "man on the spot" can get. A fresh conference between the Colonial Secretary and the High Commissioner seemed the only effective way of dealing with the awkward situation in the Cape Colony which had arisen out of the refusal to suspend the Constitution, and with the state of tension into which the gold industry had been thrown by the uncertainty prevailing as to the fiscal treatment of the new colonies by the Imperial Government. Mr. Chamberlain's present plan improves upon this proposal. The information with which Lord Milner would have supplied him he will now be able to obtain for himself at first hand.

The main lines of British policy in South Africa have been laid down by the logic of events. For the immediate administration of the Dutch population there is Lord Milner's watchword—Never again. For the future relationship of England with South Africa there is the Fox principle—the basis of our colonial policy since 1791—"The only method of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves". Not only so, but the results of those inquiries into the social and physical conditions of South Africa, which it was happily found possible to conduct in spite of the protraction of the war, are ready to hand. Owing to the fact that the Dutch are settled on the land while the English have collected in the towns and on the mines, the two races of colonists have been kept apart, and practically the whole of the country population of South Africa is hostile to English ideas, if not to English rule. In order to break down this artificial line of cleavage and to convert the Dutch to loyalty, a British population must be settled on the land side by side with the Dutch. But before British agricultural emigrants can be introduced in anything like sufficient numbers, the cultivable area of South Africa must be largely increased, and the productiveness of the cultivated areas in existence must be stimulated. Nature provides all the material elements necessary for the development and the extension of the habitable area of South Africa. What is wanted, as Mr. Willcocks' report has shown, is a common system of water storage and irrigation for all South Africa west of the Drakenberg. This, together with the extension of the railways, will provide ample homes for British immigrants without displacing the Dutch. The task of giving water to South Africa is easier than the task of giving water to Egypt; yet the closing of the sluices of the great Nile reservoir at Assuan shows that this latter task has at length been successfully accomplished. The fusion of the two races by the agency of British agricultural settlements is, therefore, closely connected with the physical regeneration of South Africa by irrigation. But both processes depend for their accomplishment upon the prosperity of the gold industry on the Randt. Even in the matter of water supply, Mr. Willcocks tells us, the gold industry has the first claim.

"The prosperity and well-being of every interest, not only in the Transvaal, but in South Africa generally, will depend on the prosperity of the Randt, certainly for the next fifty years. Though my life has been spent in the execution of irrigation projects and the furtherance of agricultural prosperity, I feel that under the special conditions prevailing in South Africa, the suggestion of any course other than the obvious one of first putting the Randt mines on a sound footing as far as their water supply is concerned would have constituted me a bigot. Ten acres of irrigable land in the Mooi or Klip River valleys with Johannesburg in the full tide of prosperity will yield as good a rent as forty acres with Johannesburg in decay." Not less certain is it that from an administrative point of view the interests of South Africa as a whole must be put before the interests of any single colony. The first necessity for the successful execution of the measures necessary for the material prosperity of South Africa—irrigation, immigration, railway extension and the cheapening of the necessities of life—is the creation of a central authority. Federal union is, of course, the admitted goal of South African statesmanship; but, pending the creation of a federal system, all the powers of a federal authority inseparable from the execution of these measures ought to be concentrated in the office of the High Commissioner. It is just here where the neglect to suspend the Cape Constitution has told with fatal effect. By maintaining the existing Cape Constitution against the will of the great majority of the Loyalist members of the Cape Legislature, we have placed half of European South Africa under the control of an authority—the Bond-ridden Cape Parliament—which has shown itself not merely jealous of but actively hostile towards Lord Milner, the representative of the Imperial Government and the chief agent of Imperial policy. After a war of two and a half years, waged at a cost of £200,000,000 to establish the supremacy of England, we have carelessly handed back half of European South Africa to the control of the Dutch. If anyone has not yet sufficiently realised the fact, we would refer him to the report of the Chairman of the Committee of the Cape Parliament appointed to inquire into the alleged disloyal practices of the Bond during the war. This Committee has found that such an inquiry is impossible, for the simple reason that it would involve an examination of the conduct of every member of the Cape Legislature who is also a member of the Bond, and it has therefore asked to be discharged.

It is in respect of these two questions—the suspension question and the proposed assignment of part of the cost of the war to the Transvaal—that the public interests will be most conspicuously furthered by Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa. Whatever decisions he may form as to these matters, after he has studied the actual circumstances on the spot, will be final. Possibly Mr. Chamberlain's decisions will not differ greatly—if at all—from the recommendations that Lord Milner would have made. But the country will acquiesce in judgments which Mr. Chamberlain can say are the result of his own personal observation, when it might have questioned such judgments based solely upon the advice of Lord Milner.

#### GREEK AT OXFORD.

THE advocates of the old and the new learning are to have a pitched battle in Congregation during the present Oxford term. Two resolutions which are to be proposed would, if carried, enable a student to take a degree without being obliged at any point of his academic life to pass an examination in Greek. To some small extent Responsions guides the curriculum of the public schools, and if a man may dispense with Greek in Responsions it follows that he may be free of it in the subsequent examinations as well as at school. It is proposed that candidates shall not be required to offer both Greek and Latin in Smalls: and that either Greek or Latin must be offered with French or German. Though this leaves an

option between Latin and Greek it may be taken as agreed that the object is to eliminate Greek and substitute for it one of the modern languages mentioned. What is to be gained by this substitution? Neither French nor German nor any other modern language can rank with either of the classical languages as an instrument of real education. It is not under any such pretence that Greek is to be waived aside, and the persons who are trying to bring about the change do not deny its superiority. In addition to the advantages that Latin and Greek have over modern languages merely as ancient languages not embarrassed with unsettled questions of modern history and politics, Greek has, in itself as a language, an intrinsic superiority over every possible rival. It is not necessary to go over the old ground again to show what these advantages are, as there is no real dispute about the matter. The objections really made against Greek are that the time and labour bestowed on it, if a standard of excellence is not attained beyond that fixed by Responsions, might be more profitably applied to some other subject. It would be difficult to deny that the student who has no more Greek scholarship than he finds sufficient for Smalls is not to be regarded as exemplifying in his culture the peculiar merits of a thorough discipline in Greek. Yet many who have been compulsorily kept at Greek for many years do not get beyond this abortive stage. The students who have other aims than the study of classics as a special study pass on to their real pursuits leaving their Greek at this point very gladly: as gladly as they would have let it entirely alone if the plan of University studies had allowed them.

Probably if the methods of teaching Latin and Greek were different the results in these languages might be, as Professor Postgate has been saying in the "Fortnightly Review" for this month, very much better. As it is the would-be substituters of French or German point derisively to the fact that the particular educational value of Greek is in practice rarely conferred by its study in schools and at the University. Granting this, what do they want to do but substitute admittedly inferior languages which would not be in the least degree better taught than are Latin and Greek at present? If the object is to make them as good educational instruments as their nature allows them to be, it is as necessary to improve the method of teaching them as of teaching Greek; one would be as easy or as difficult to reform as the other; and in the result the Greek discipline might as well be kept for whatever it is worth. But the real attraction to those who wish for French or German instead of Greek is that they are supposed to be so much more practical. With schoolmasters as with the public that is at the bottom of all the dissatisfaction against Greek, and the booming of French and German. Greek does not offer so many commercial advantages. But whatever advantages of this kind French and German may have—and why not Spanish, or Russian, or Italian?—the University is not the proper place in which those peculiar merits can be obtained. We will leave out of account the argument that a University ought not to be a commercial or technical institution, and speak of it as having commercial and technical faculties in which French and German might be of practical use. Even for this purpose French and German cannot be effectually taught at Oxford. Those who want them for this use must go to the countries where they are spoken and learn them there. Nothing else is practical enough; and the student who substitutes French or German for Greek in Smalls with this view will find himself no better off than if he had spent the time over Greek or Latin. So that neither for educational nor for practical ends do we see what is to be gained by making a modern language compulsory instead of Greek.

Latin would in practice under such a scheme as is proposed remain the one language for the purpose of that linguistic training which must always remain the base rock of school education. But there still has to be considered what other subject shall take the place of the dropped Greek; meaning by this of course in the quantitative and not the qualitative sense. In the latter sense there would be little meaning in a com-



parison of Greek with any other language subject such as French or German which, as we have said, is a totally useless substitution. But there is in the study of science a means of mental discipline which has never yet been appreciated at its full value by teachers who adhere to the traditional subjects of education. The earlier advocates of the teaching of science such as Tyndall and Huxley pleaded for it on the ground of its educational value. Later supporters of it have been carried away by the prevailing cry for the teaching of practical subjects; for something which would pay in a business sense or at a professional examination. That is not at all the object of the suggestion that instead of introducing French or German into Responsions the additional subject to be offered to take the place of the eliminated Greek should be a science subject.

From a purely educational point of view the conjunction of Latin with the thorough study of wisely selected science subjects would be a far more efficient instrument than the proposed combination of Latin and French or German. The imagination, the judgment, precision of thought, precision of statement, accuracy as to facts, the habit of applying the test of reality to all views, theories, and hypotheses, are cultivated by the serious study of science almost by what we may call mere contact with its subject matter. As to the value of this subject matter we wish to do no more than refer to its supreme importance as including a range of facts of which one cannot be ignorant without incapacitating oneself for thinking on many of the most serious problems of modern life. Yet there is an absolutely appalling ignorance of them amongst well-educated people; and they have been ignored or at most treated casually owing to the almost exclusively literary training which has alone been regarded as education. They have come, somewhat late, to be recognised as of value for other purposes than education; and the danger is that they should be disregarded and treated contemptuously by those who rightly condemn the demand of a place for scientific studies in the education curriculum because they are useful in the narrow utilitarian sense of the word. The utilitarianism which the true educationist requires is that of the method which gives an efficient mental training so that future acquisition of knowledge becomes merely an easy exercise of faculty. The number and variety of subjects are of no importance; the important point is that a few well selected should be thoroughly studied. Apart from a certain amount of information which must come in the course of school teaching, almost any subject has in itself the potentiality of an efficient means of mental discipline. In the study of science there is a disciplinary method which would not be superfluous as would be the addition of French or German to Latin.

#### THE LITERARY ASPIRANT.

SNIPPET journalism has done one good thing. By reducing literature to terms of pounds, shillings, and pence, calculated at the rate of so many shillings to the inch, it has largely cleared away that ridiculous social nuisance—the literary aspirant; suppressed him by sucking him in. The aspirant without an aspirate, as he more often was, is engulfed in the maw of the snippet press, and whether he thrives there or dies is seldom heard of again. To-day, Arthur Rhodes, Diana of the Crossways' protégé, would undoubtedly send "pars" to Messrs. Harmsworth or Sir George Newnes, and, occasionally getting one in and getting paid for it, would see himself already crowned with literary laurel, and to the end of his days would never do anything but write snippets. He would be one of ten thousand others and would never more be heard of any more than he would be missed. That is an admirable social diversion, and sound economic reform. So that even we are able to put one good thing, the only one it is to be feared, to the credit of snippet journalism. If a young shopman, a junior clerk, an ambitious mechanic, chooses to get his living by writing paragraphs instead of following his orthodox occupation, it does not matter very much. Of course, he will be a lost soul intellectually, but he would probably be intellectually lost, if

he did anything else. If all day long you do nothing but copy figures, or tot them up, or take down letters in shorthand, you can hardly be intellectually alive. But there it is: progress has required that a vast number of humans should merely be machines: and in our supremacy of civilisation we all agree that it must be so, and we gaily wash our hands of it: nor do the victims, the human machines, object in the least. Most of them are exceedingly anxious to be nothing but machines. So that the shopman and clerk turned paragraphist have so far not suffered. And at any rate it is much better to get a living by writing to the yard-measure than to fail to get a living by drivelling about poetry, puling about fame, sacrificing life on the altar of literature, hanging on to patrons' or patronesses' skirts, an outsider perpetually hovering round sets and circles where nothing gives him the smallest right of entry except his own bastard ambition; infinitely elated once or twice a year because admitted on sufferance to sit at table, or under, with distinguished people, depressed to the very dregs of degradation because unrecognised the next day: his supposed successful career meaning only the burdening of the world with another inferior author, real success being his return to the desk or the counter in disgust at failure; the usual end death in a garret. What a contrast is all this to the humility of Charles Lamb and his plaintive farewell to the counting-house which he had served not the less steadily because he was winning immortality elsewhere.

This kind of career at one time seemed to be thought interesting. Some people apparently discovered romance in this abject waste of life solely because the wastrel dubbed himself an author, or a would-be author. Contrariwise, if a literary man who was paying his way threw over authorship and posed as a merchant but failed, so far from admiring him, those people would have howled at him, and sneered at his failure. At one time people had an unaccountable way of associating fame and distinction pre-eminently with writing. The insignificant and obscure person who thought he felt noble ambitions springing in his soul invariably turned to authorship; while those who should have kicked him out of his folly smiled on him and his aspirations, not that there was much sunshine to fructification in the smile. But the literary aspirant was interesting to fashion, and not at all the less so for dying in the gutter. Romantic: they said; another sacrifice to literature!

We have have always felt that Diana of the Crossways was extremely wrong in her petting and patronising of Arthur Rhodes; and Tom Redworth in his instinctive dislike of the youth and in getting him away from literature to a secretaryship showed his character perhaps more clearly than in anything else he does or says in the whole book. A sensible and able man, such as Tom Redworth, was bound to feel impatient contempt for Arthur Rhodes. But Redworth made one mistake: he objected to having poets for clerks; there is never any danger of that; he should have objected to having clerks for poets. Arthur is so fine a portrait of the type that it is best for our purpose merely to name him; and every reader will recognise our aspirant. The lawyer's clerk who thinks himself a poet, whom his lady patron pats on the back and calls a genius, the prig who in the society of his betters whines and tries epigrams because the critics had not praised his book ("Jehoiakim Sneer" well deserved the Hon. Percy Dacier's stare), the driveller who makes love to his lady patron, "blissfully athirst, untroubled by a hope"; "she was his foam-borne goddess". It is not easy to imagine a more miserable figure than that made by Arthur Rhodes: and he is the literary aspirant to the life.

The truth is that literary aspirations should mercilessly be crushed: the only rational advice to give to any one, especially a young man, who talks of giving up work of any kind for literature is "don't". That advice can never do any harm: he who has it in him to accomplish real literature will accomplish it. It is not literature that moves the youthful aspirant; it is a morbid idea of fame, a false notion of elevation of some kind, glory over his former mates; and this feeling is not to be compared even to the rather un-

wholesome and yeasty yearning of the young Carlyle. After expressing wonder in one of his letters whether he had genius or no he adds "but I have unrest enough to serve a parish". The youthful aspirant has nothing he really wants to say, but he itches to be saying something. As Georges Sand suggests; he is simply a malade. The itch to write wants a cold douche. Let him do something, know something, feel something, if possible think something: the last thing he need trouble himself about is writing. And that is also the way he will trouble others least.

## OLDER EDINBURGH.

### II.

IT was paradoxical that Edinburgh with its observances of the Mosaic ritual had always prided itself on its intelligent criticism of the drama. One remembers the tremendous battle over John Home's "Douglas", when Jupiter Carlyle led for the defence and won a hard-fought contest, after censures in the high Ecclesiastical Courts. Dr. Morris of "Peter's Letters" writes that Edinburgh audiences professed themselves more fastidious than those of the metropolis. Some forty years ago the theatre had fallen somewhat into disrepute, and on ordinary occasions was little frequented, even by folks of fashion belonging to the more liberal Episcopalian Communion. The chief patrons of the boxes and stalls were fast youths who looked in, at half-price, after dinner. Yet the glories of the earlier generation had not been altogether eclipsed: old playgoers still remembered the days, when the Sheriff of Selkirk beamed on the performances of John Siddons and his sister; and their relative Murray was still running the "Royal" which stood on the site of the present Post Office. There was the rival house at "the head of the Leith Walk", frequently burned down, but always rising from its ashes. Murray, with his portly figure, made an admirable Falstaff. It was his presentation of the knight in the "Merry Wives of Windsor", which gave me an abiding love for Shakespeare, and made Herne's oak and its surroundings holy ground. Even more vivid are recollections of the nights when old Mackay was engaged to star it. To all seeming, the veteran was as fresh as at his début, when the author of "Rob Roy" sent him a bank note, enclosed in a letter of congratulation and advice. He was inimitable in the portly Baillie of the Sautmarket, but perhaps even better as Peter Peebles. The man must be a great comedian who brings down the house, with a couple of insignificant words, emphasised by a lifting of the eyebrows: and I can never forget the effect of his "Black Colin", when the billet announcing General Campbell's approach is brought to the startled conspirators. It was pregnant with grim suggestion of scaffolds, confiscation, and exile. In lighter vein he made another astounding hit, in his address to the Quaker: "Lord mend your eyesight neighbour, that dinna ken grey hairs frae a tow wig." But if those veterans were soon to vanish, they had been giving hints to illustrious successors. The mantle of Murray, the tragedian, had fallen on Irving, though I never remember seeing him act. But there was a young comedian who became at once a popular favourite, doing more than any man to fill the house, and his name was Toole. Perhaps the Artful Dodger was his favourite part; when he let his humorous extravagances run riot he was applauded to the echo, when he gagged à discrétion. I remember how, setting possibilities and conventionalities at defiance, he would bend over the front of the prisoner's dock to lecture the worthy magistrate "as a father". In screaming farce, when indifferently supported, he would carry the whole burden lightly on his shoulders. And talking of farce, I recollect the début of one of the first of the aristocrats who took to the stage as a profession. Though not greatly gifted, Sir William Don made a decided hit, for there was novelty in the appearance of a ruined baronet. He was the heir of Sir Alexander, apropos of whose post mortem

Scott remarked, "odd enough to have a man, probably a friend of two days before, slashing at your heart like a bullock's". Sir William made the most of his physical advantages. Standing six feet three or so, with long legs like a pair of compasses, he could always fetch the gallery by playing the inebriate and making idiotic snatches at a glove lying on the ground. Moreover he had married an actress as short as he was long, and the bride brought the absurd contrast as her portion for she literally played up to her husband.

Forty years ago there were still survivals of the older manners. When Colonel Mantering visited Edinburgh, a cadie guided him to Pleydell's lodgings and afterwards to Clerihew's, and Pleydell put Dominie Sampson in charge of another cadie. The cadies, like the Gallegans who were the water-carriers of Madrid, were a Highland guild, with some of the barbaric virtues, but with neither morals nor principles. They sold themselves body and soul to their employer for the time, and charged themselves with the most questionable missions, asking no questions. They knew every close and darksome den in the old town, and as it was their business to gather scandalous gossip they were the most serviceable of spies—and worse. No Figaro was more tactful in conveying a billet-doux, and the fraternity was always able and ready to help each other. When society shifted to the new town, with its lightsome thoroughfares and severe respectability, their occupation was well-nigh gone. But as Scott speaks of stray survivors of the old Town Guard of the Porteous riot flitting spectre-like round the statue of King Charles in Parliament Close, so forty years ago there were representatives of the cadies in the light porters. They carried bundles of law papers for the writers, or carpet bags for casual tourists. With leathern straps on their shoulders they lounged on benches at street corners; they spoke broken Scotch with a strong Gaelic accent, and in their weather-beaten faces you could see that whether business were brisk or slack they were good customers to the publics. But the veritable cadie, in place of carrying messages or guiding strangers, had betaken himself to carrying golf clubs. Golf was the solitary distraction in which men of any age or profession could indulge without losing caste or credit. I dare to say the Lord President might have played a round with the Moderator of Assembly without letting himself down. Still on Bruntsfield Links, sacred from building operations, and overlooked by Heriot's Hospital, burghers as grave as "Jingling Geordie" might be seen doing the daily round in scarlet coats bleached by sun and storm. No one that I ever heard of played on Leith Links, where James Duke of York used to take his pleasure, as tradition was still proud to tell. Musselburgh was the great resort, and as golf was not so popular a game as curling, the links in those days, save on a Saturday, were seldom overcrowded. I cannot say so much for the parlour at Mrs. Forman's, near Drummore, so often mentioned in Carlyle's Reminiscences, where each party on its rounds made a point of lunching on the simple fare of grilled haddocks and eggs. But even those professionals who indulged in golf were bound by the proprieties. One blazing summer day—there are hot days in the Lothians—I cast my coat and gave it to the cadie to carry. I attracted more attention in an hour than I had ever done in a year's walking of the Parliament House.

The worst of it for an aspiring young advocate was that he lived under the microscope and had to be hypercritical in spite of himself. He was on show in the Parliament House from nine to one, which was by no means unamusing. It was and is a sort of Paul's Walk, where all manner of business is transacted. There was abundance of bright talk, an excellent library, all the latest publications and journals, with the chimerical hope of being hired and briefed. It was tantalising when a solicitor dropped your arm after friendly talk to hold business converse with a brother of the gown, but there was always the chance of your genius being recognised. There was none of the weary waiting in lonely chambers as in London. At one you were permitted to go free, if your business was not engrossing. All the same you were supposed to be reading in your rooms, and the professional public had its eye on you.



If fond of horse exercise, and the environs are singularly seductive, you dared not for your life ride down Princes Street. A day with the hounds meant professional condemnation, and I might use a stronger word. On Saturdays only you enjoyed a legitimate half holiday, and I recollect a gaunt old judge, bound in shrivelled parchment, bidding me one bright afternoon, go and have a good walk, as I must want it after the study of the week. The absurdity made me burst out laughing, and to this hour I cannot be sure whether he spoke "sarcastic" or no.

Apropos of cadies, I mentioned Clerihew's, and everyone remembers Colonel Mantering's amazement when he caught Pleydell presiding at high jinks in that pandemonium of roasting and grilling. Great lawyers had long ceased to frequent Clerihew's where once it had been their habit to hold consultations. But there was still a sublimated Clerihew's in the Flesh Market, the only place to get a genuine Scotch dinner in perfection. The approaches were as little alluring as the name of the locality. To put it bluntly, you needed a strong stomach to face them, and indeed this was indispensable for the feasting to follow. But it was a decent house when you were over the threshold, and many a pleasant memory associates itself with the dingy curtained dining-room. It was all the better if you sent your own wine, but the brands of stronger liquors were unexceptionable. The menu was admirable and left safely to the landlady. You began with cock-a-leekie or barley broth: there were crappit heads, salmon or sea-trout: sheep's-heads followed by steaks sent up hot and hot, winding up with marrow-bones and toasted cheese. But the grand feature of the banquet was the haggis; the gush of balmy fragrance at the insertion of the knife would have given an appetite under the ribs of death. The secret of judicious excess was an occasional chasse of whisky. Once when entertaining English guests, giving one of them his directions, I had asked him to order dinner. The dinner was served en règle, till a haggis came up—a pitiful abortion, the size of an apple. The host appeared in answer to a peremptory summons. The apology came before speechless indignation found voice. "Lord bless me sir, gin I had only known it was you. They told me there were to be Englishers, and I kenned weel they would never settle the haggis wi' a dram". All the same, we were indebted to those Englishers for a hint which would have been priceless to Heliogabalus. They had lunched late and heavily, and were in despair in the prospect of the impending dinner. In the interval they chanced to take a Turkish bath, and they walked from it to the Scottish banquet with appetites that left nothing to desire.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

#### A LONDONER'S AUTUMN.

EVERYBODY has been complaining of the present year, and not unreasonably. How many well-earned and longed-for holidays it has spoiled! How many days of enforced hard work have its piercing winds and cheerless skies rendered more than ordinarily trying! In a couple of months we shall have said good-bye to it, and there will be little sadness in the farewell. We said good-bye to the spring without regret, for indeed there was no spring. We said good-bye to the summer without regret, for indeed there was no summer. It seems that now we shall say good-bye to the autumn without regret, for who will dream of calling it "season of mellow fruitfulness, close bosom-friend of the maturing sun"? The corn-fields never ripened to gold. The apples never reddened in the orchards. The very blackberries on the hedgerows for all their promised profusion hang there still stunted. The best we can say of this poor year of ungrace is that the green leaves have stayed somewhat longer on the trees. But then in autumn it is not green leaves that we look for.

It is a poor business, however, this grumbling at fate, and a man does well to purge himself of it speedily. For after all in her worst moods nature has always delights enough at hand. If she is not in one of

her large and gracious moods, magnificent and profuse, at least what delicious passages and details of beauty the quiet and discerning eye never fails to find in her. If the sun does not shine, what loveliness there is in the delicate varying greys of the landscape! If the leaves fall green and pallid, what unspeakably rich sprays, mottled with purple and crimson, hang here and there on the bramble bushes, perhaps the more appreciated that we must needs look for them! If the birds are quiet and rare, what a peculiar delight it is once or twice in our walk to catch a robin on some bare twig silhouetted against the sky in his rich winter coat, and boldly staring at us with those big black eyes!

It is an old story man's restlessness, his blindness to the good things present around him, his foolish fancy to be elsewhere and otherwise than he is, his loss of happiness by ever seeking for it. It may be said that to expect this spirit of quietude and discernment in the modern Londoner is not only vain, but contrary to sound morals. We hear much in certain quarters about the duty of discontent. "The spreading of the hideous town" is no doubt a fact; and a fact, it is urged, which should breed discontent, disgust, revolt. It is not possible for any sensitive person to be indifferent to this spreading hideousness, or effectively to console himself with the scraps of beauty still spared to him, or with the touches of a kindly nature transforming by her magic light and atmosphere even man's worst impertinences. This is not possible; and if possible it were, it would be a disaster to prophesy against. To look up at the untidy network of sagging wires that disfigure the sky at Holborn Bars, and to say, "Never mind, this is inevitable modern business, let us turn aside and console ourselves in Staples Inn", is, says our critic, not to be philosophic and faithful, but simply to fail in duty. To pass through the acres of stench and desolation around Stratford, and to say, "Never mind, this is inevitable modern business, and ten minutes' ride will take us into Epping Forest", is not philosophy and faith, but simply to fail in duty.

So preach to us some of our counsellors; and indeed we find it not in our hearts entirely to gainsay them. Yet for ourselves, while abating not a jot of our disgust and protest in face of much that now characterises our largest and richest city in the world, we should think it also a failure in duty not to allow ourselves the relish of such moments or details of beauty as may yet be had now and again for little cost or journeying by even the most town-tied of us. Ten days since, on one of the few sunny afternoons this season has vouchsafed us, what a spectacle of gorgeous colour the chestnuts were on Hampstead Heath! The heath this year has no general display of autumnal tints to make one stand and gaze. The sombre russet of the woods towards Highgate, the trees still full of leaves, is impressive but not rich. Here and there the pale yellow of some single birch or poplar against the sober background is fascinating as a piece of fantastic gold pattern on a dark metal or a time-worn portrait—a charming incident now and again as one walks along, a slight reminder of what autumnal contrasts sometimes are. But those chestnuts caught in full sunlight—not magnificent trees neither in themselves, nay small and clumsy even—but magnificent in their transfiguration—what words are to describe them? We came upon them suddenly, unexpectedly. Without affectation it was a vision that held you for the moment speechless, breathless. Their great leaves glowed against the green grass and bushes of the hill-side as masses of burnished gold, of pure glowing amber, of whatever you will that may stand for the brilliancy of yellow light itself fixed in corporeal shape before your eyes. And supporting this radiant foliage, or seen in and out between it, the trunks and branches stood a rich glowing purple, an intense purple. There was nature at her blessed work, with her magic light and atmosphere transforming man's ill work. In the pure country no chestnut-trunks under any sun would show that depth and hue. It was the London smoke upon them that made it possible even for nature herself to paint us such a purple.

It is hard to exaggerate the gratitude of any true country-lover caught in the toil of London for the preservation of Hampstead Heath so easily accessible to him for a spare hour or two in the week. His lungs

are cleansed and strengthened by its bracing air, his eyes and spirit are refreshed by its wild beauty. And if he knows his heath, the crowds that frequent it are readily escapable. Our true imprisoned country-lover holds too in no slight estimation the beautiful prospects of Hyde or Regent's Park with their fine trees and silvan surprises. But though so small a distance separates, say, Regent's Park from Hampstead, to pass from the autumn scenery of the one to the autumn scenery of the other is to feel transported miles. And yet Hampstead itself what an indifferent show it affords us, if we have energy and time to be off a few miles further to the east, and enter the enchanted glades of Epping Forest at Chingford or at Loughton. There is no lovelier quiet English woodland scenery to be found in the country than this forest to those who know their way about it. And there this moment we are writing the autumn tints are spread as rich and varied as you shall find for all your travelling miles away. One charm of the forest is its immense variety of ground and trees. It is not an oak forest, or a beech forest, or a hornbeam forest, or a birch forest. You shall find all these trees in abundance, and others beside them, their autumnal colours in happy admixture making monotony impossible. Here as we stroll amid the bronzed bracken that lines some glade or winding path, or stand on the heather by the hillside with acres of seemingly impenetrable woodland spreading before us, there is surely no range of yellow and orange, of orange and russet, of russet and quiet purple, that one's eye misses. And across all this varied mass of tawny tints breaks in here and there some emphatic note of black from a stalwart holly, or of soft grey, it is almost blue, from a clump of gorse and broom by the water's edge, or of green from some sturdy belated oak with all its foliage fresh upon it as at midsummer. Let us confess, if you will, that this year the real reds, the crimsons and scarlets, are wanting—for the maples are not with us, and the brambles are disappointing. Yet exacting a man must indeed show himself who goes not away more than satisfied with the rich feast this unpretending stretch of landscape—shall we say of London landscape?—has offered him. If he finds not in it more than he can be thankful for, he will prate to us in vain of distant scenery. Assuredly he but babbles and poses. If his heart beats not, if his eye is not ravi-hed, here, this poor braggart may ransack the world over, yet shall nature in her marvel and beauty stay hidden from him.

#### MOZART—AN EPILOGUE.

A CRITIC'S business is to find fault, and last week found me so busy fulfilling my mission that I had in the end neither time nor space to deal adequately with what my title implied to be the subject of my article. A better title would have been "How Mozart is maltreated"; and then I might have been compelled to admit that no one treated him worse than I did. He is indeed a gigantic subject to deal with inside the limits of one short essay. He died at half Wagner's age; he did not enjoy a third of Wagner's working life; at the age he died Wagner had accomplished scarcely anything that will live. Yet he wrote as many bars of music as Wagner did, if not more; and he essayed every form of music known in his day. If he did not cover so many sheets of paper as Wagner, if owing to the smaller orchestra of the eighteenth century he had not nearly so much manual labour to accomplish as Wagner had, the amount of fundamental brain-work was none the less for that. (I merely make the comparison with Wagner as a means of getting some idea of the enormous amount of work Mozart achieved.) Besides writing in a vastly greater number of forms than Wagner, he invented a vastly greater number of themes. The "Dutchman", "Tannhäuser", the "Ring", "Tristan", the "Master-singers", "Parsifal" and a few orchestral pieces—these formed Wagner's life-work. Mozart wrote piano sonatas, sonatas for the fiddle and piano, trio, quartets, quintets, symphonies, concertos, operas, masses; and even in his most hurried work one finds rarely a page that does not contain some miraculously beautiful passage. He was an indefatigable magician who

turned into gold everything he touched; he wrote so much that is magically beautiful that it is hard to realise that to produce it his brain must have worked with almost unparalleled heat and intensity. There is no sign of labour, of effort; and this is precisely what deceives us. Everything seems to have come easily, of itself; and it is only after we have made a long and close study of his work that we find what an appalling task it is to deal with it in ever so summary a fashion. Jahn's life seems long enough: it is certainly a great feat to read it through; but even there the exact significance and value of Mozart in the history of music is only half brought out. It is scarcely a matter for wonder that the unlucky author whom I handled rather roughly last week utterly failed.

Mozart was the most completely original of all the composers; and like all highly original men he owed much to his predecessors and contemporaries. If he had not much luck in his everyday life, in his art he was one of the luckiest of men. Bach and Handel had driven music through the formal, arithmetical stage; the contrapuntal technique had been perfected; there was not one problem left to solve; the whole field had been explored and mapped out. Haydn had shaped the symphony and evolved for the sonata a beautifully lucid form. Gluck had taken opera out of the stupid rut in which it had been kept by generations of lazy Italians. Entered Mozart, the little sensitive vain man with a soul like a consuming fire, with a nature sweeter and more loving than had been in the world before. He mastered the technique of Bach, of Haydn, of Gluck; and in his glorious passionate youth set to work to use for his own ends all that he had learnt. With all his sweetness, sensitiveness, delicacy, there was nothing of unmanliness or feebleness in him. With all its beauty his music is strong; in his ideals he was strong to sternness, even to harshness; always polite, retiring, shy, he was prickly on the subject of music. If he did not, like Handel, threaten to throw soprano ladies out of the window, he could none the less make them understand what he wanted and make them do it. When his silly ungrateful emperor Joseph said there were too many notes in his music he replied that there were just enough. He took the forms of Haydn and Gluck and filled them with a content which neither Gluck nor Haydn was capable of imagining. Leaving for the moment the question of the peculiar Mozartean loveliness, neither Gluck nor Haydn could invent the powerful sinewy themes that we find scattered, one might say prodigally wasted, throughout his works. A Mozart theme, once heard, remains with one for ever. In the whole of Haydn's instrumental music there is not a theme so forceful, distinctive, pregnant with meaning, as the two in the first movement of the G minor symphony; magnificent as old Gluck was his melodies seem colourless and insignificant beside those of "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni". He did not speak in a loud voice; there is nothing in his music like the heroic Siegfried theme of Wagner; but his matter is not less important than Wagner's. His was a repressed, concentrated energy; he loaded every phrase with meaning; his were "the thoughts that wander through eternity"; and no trumpets or trombones were needed to speed them on their travels.

This point of Mozart's essential vigour and manhood needs insisting on. The subtlety and fineness of his profuse ornamentation, the sad beauty that distinguishes every bar he wrote, are far too apt to mislead us. He was no consumptive like Chopin; he was one of the order of giants. His place is not with Chopin or Mendelssohn, but with Palestrina, Byrde, Purcell, Handel, Bach and Beethoven. Anyone who knows Mozart, and can distinguish between genuine power and mere noise or hysteria, cannot but be exasperated by the text-book stuff repeated by the professors day after day, month after month, year after year. It cannot be said too often or too emphatically that there is no flimsiness in this music, but calm strength accomplishing the most astounding feats with an appearance of ease. If I endeavour to lift a heavy weight I perspire and breathe hard; but a trained athlete will do it without the slightest sign of distress. Nevertheless he is exerting the same amount of muscular force.



In his manhood, then, we find Mozart living his life on the grand scale, squandering in one opera themes enough to last a modern composer his lifetime. In every form he used he came easily first. With Haydn the symphony had grown into shape; but the periwig, and the pencil and ruler, and the midnight lamp, were still there. Mozart did not get rid of them at one stroke; but by the time he arrived at the three tremendous symphonies, the G minor, the C major and E flat major, we perceive that the eighteenth century has gone out and the nineteenth come in. There is still form there; there is not the slightest chaos, disorder, looseness; compared with the symphonies of to-day everything is clear-cut. But with the exception of the few bars leading from section to section, from the treatment of one subject to the next subject, there is no hint of the old fustian: every bar means something: there is no more of the brainless clatter that pleased the ears of the old-world prince-patrons. The G minor remains the most perfect symphony in the world. The form is clear; but the hard edges of Haydn are softened away. To say that Mozart did not carry the process so far as Beethoven did in the Heroic symphony is only to say that Mozart lived before Beethoven. But there is all Beethoven's strength with that strange pathetic Mozartean beauty—that beauty of which Mozart alone amongst the composers had the secret. In that beauty as in the strength we find the real Mozart: we find the soul of the man in all its sweet tenderness and all its fiery ardour. Nothing like the slow movement had ever been written; and it is unlikely that anything like it will be written again. The C major symphony is more tempestuous; excepting in the slow movement there is little passion: elemental energy rather than passion marks the whole work. But note the wonderful sweetness with which the old church theme makes its appearance at the beginning of the finale, and the pathetic yearning towards the close. If we turn to the chamber-music, again Mozart is first amongst the masters: the G minor quintet stands alone, unapproached and unapproachable. In the C minor piano fantasia we have a thing that contains enough material for a hundred sonatas. In its dignity, its exquisite beauty and its terrible sadness it is pure Mozart of the later period; at times the passion of it seems to scorch; yet the balance and poise are admirably sustained from the first phrase to the last. This man lived in remote regions of thought of which we know nothing save what we learn from his music. Beethoven somehow got a card of introduction, and to find that Mozart's name was written on it we need only compare this fantasia with the slow movement of the Pathétique sonata, or the opening of the great A minor sonata with the finale of Beethoven's "Moonlight".

Of his most ambitious things it is impossible to say more than a word. I have written here about "Don Giovanni"—which is still the finest opera in the world—of "Figaro", still fresh and gay, and of the "Zauberflöte", the overture to which is worth many gold-mines. There remains the Requiem, which, after Palestrina and Byrde—or rather, with Palestrina and Byrde—is one of the greatest things ever written for the Roman Church. Some day I shall speak of some investigations I have made concerning this; for I want to know, for example, how on earth an air of Haydn came into it as the "Hostias", and there are still, after all that has been written, other points to settle.

But to-day I can do no more than remind my readers that in Mozart we have one of the most prolific, robust, sturdy, intellectual men who have lived on the earth; he and Sebastian Bach are the two greatest masters of sheer music: they leave far behind them, in the matter of technique, Beethoven and Wagner, and even splendid old Handel. Schumann, Schubert, Weber, were simply children compared with him. He and not Haydn or another prepared the way for our modern music. He has been out of favour for a long time: he is not sufficiently noisy, boisterous; but he will come into his heritage of fame, of something more than lip-worship, when we besotted, nervous, superexcited children of the nineteenth century re-learn that noise is not music, nor hysteria genuine emotion, nor hideous Strauss conundrums profound thought.

J. F. R.

## TO OXFORD.

*(On reading Matthew Arnold's Preface again.)*

I KNOW no place, sweet Oxenforde, like thee,  
Fam'd with remembrance full from what hath  
been;

Still, still unravish'd, as of old serene,  
Yet gazing toward some calmer day to be.

Man's soul, man's culture, these thy sovereign care:  
Thou knowest that we move by light alone,  
By light shall at the last attain the unknown  
And unguess'd greatness, whereto man heir.

Clear, wakeful city, murmuring larger peace,  
The light around thee hides from too plain eyes  
Thy lucent figure and pure purpose set;

Whose tranquil happy cloisters shall not cease  
To harbour beauty, till new days arise  
And banish lurid life and lost regret.

H. P. COOKE.

## "MY LADY VIRTUE."

WE, living in a civilised state of society, are constantly suggesting to one another what is false, and suppressing what is true, and even telling downright lies. Otherwise, civilised society would cease to exist. To most of us, from time to time, occurs the wish that we could be always quite fair and square and above-board, and the wish is promptly succeeded by a sense of horror at what would happen if we were, and by hasty self-justifications for being what we are. Suppose, for example, we forbade our servants to say "not at home" to any visitors except when we were actually out of doors. We should not like our privacy to be always at anyone's mercy. If everyone were to be always shown straight in, life would become intolerable. Therefore a plain refusal and dismissal would be the formula. How would our friends take it? Very much amiss. And, though most of us have friends whom we could well spare, we are loth to be altogether friendless. Besides, we are highly civilised, and accordingly loth to alienate even the undesirable by causing them actual pain. And so our servants must continue to fib for us, on the tacit understanding that we take the blame in the next world. Likewise, in those thousand and one other common emergencies of life, where the choice is between a slight dishonesty and an all-round unpleasantness, we prefer, on the whole, to be slightly dishonest. And I think our preference is right. Of course, if strict honesty in all things were the general rule of the community, then there would be no excuse for the disingenuous person; for honesty would cause no pain to anyone. But, while civilisation endures, such never will be the general rule. And there is this further point: disingenuousness, being the general rule, is hardly disingenuous at all. Truths which we expect to be suppressed for us are easily perceptible, and untruths which we expect to be suggested are easily seen through. The common lies of civilised life are, in fact, more ornamental than useful. For instance—to revert to the not-at-home problem—we do not always, when we hand a visiting-card across a threshold, believe literally that our friend is out and about. We may believe firmly that he is at home. But if we were told that he was at home and inaccessible we should be

affronted as by an unfriendly act. Told that he is out, we respect his wish for privacy, and scent no slight cast by him on ourselves, no reason to suppose that he would not generally be quite glad to see us. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, can be told and stomachached only by savages. Such, I take it, is the conscious or unconscious opinion of the ordinary modern person. But there are, here and there, some extraordinary persons, whose moral consciences are of so fine a fibre, and whose human sympathies are so undeveloped, that they shrink from telling an untruth, or pardoning an untruth told to them, in any circumstances whatsoever. It is difficult for us to like them, but easy to admire them, and easy, too, to pity them inasmuch as they must suffer, in the long run, as much inconvenience as they cause. And we are glad of them, inasmuch as it is amusing (at a safe distance) to watch them. One of them is the central figure of Mr. Esmond's new comedy, "My Lady Virtue", at the Garrick Theatre; and, though we should shun her in real life, she is quite delightful on the stage.

Lady Ernestone (thus has Mr. Esmond punningly entitled her) is no noisy propagandist. She is very modest of her priggishness. It has to be dragged out of her through severe cross-examination by the minor characters in the first act. Indeed, she is one of those prigs—the worst kind—who do not know that they are prigs. "Am I", she objects, "a prig because I have convictions? I don't blame other people for not having convictions. That is not their fault. It is their good fortune". Observe that she does not welcome her virtuousness as a delightful thing in itself. Rather does it seem to her a burden under which she must stagger bravely along. She feels that she spreads discomfort around her, and she wishes she didn't; but it is her métier, and she must stick to it. What other people call tact, she calls deceit; and she suggests, modestly but withal firmly, that if ever her life came to some great crisis where all might be saved by a little tact, without harming anyone, she would be as resolutely tactless as ever. Thus is the curiosity of the audience whetted. What sort of crisis will her life come to? In what kind of ruin will she involve herself for the sake of a principle? Will she cut so noble and pathetic a figure that her present priggishness will be all forgotten and forgiven? We suspect that she will. But Mr. Esmond has a little surprise in store for us. Lady Ernestone does not, in her goodness of heart, get herself into trouble—not she! All she does is to try to wreck the careers of two other persons. One of these persons is Sir George, her husband; the other, Mrs. Bramley Burville, her neighbour. Sir George, before his marriage, had loved Mrs. Burville before hers, and had written passionate letters to her. He was abroad when she married, and, imagining her to be still a maiden, he wrote to her another passionate letter. The correspondence ceased as soon as he heard of the wedding. Mrs. Burville, being romantic, kept his final letter. Unluckily, it was dated, and she was careless, and her husband, into whose hands it fell, was hard-up and very unscrupulous. Here is the situation. Mr. Burville comes to call on Sir George, bringing with him a pocket-book in which he has placed the compromising letter. He demands in exchange for it the sum of two thousand pounds. Otherwise, he will immediately file a petition for divorce. He looks rather a fool when he finds that the letter is not in the pocket-book after all. As a matter of fact, the letter is at this moment in the possession of Lady Ernestone, having been stolen back by Mrs. Burville and by her mischievously sent to pain the wife of her former lover. Enter Lady Ernestone, holding the letter in her hand, and presently exit Mr. Burville, very grateful to her for voluntarily restoring it to him. What was the motive of her generosity? Her love of truth before all things. But where does truth come in? If she had thought that Mrs. Burville had committed adultery with her husband, then there might have been a high moral reason for exposing her to the glare of the divorce court. Considering that she herself was the wife of the prospective co-respondent, who would therefore have been unable to marry the respondent in case the decree were granted, and

considering that the prospective petitioner was an out-and-out scoundrel, this high and dry enthusiasm in the cause of truth and of the people who enjoy reading the newspaper reports of "scandals in high life" would have seemed somewhat unintelligible. Still, it would have been right enough from Lady Ernestone's standpoint. As she knew her husband and Mrs. Burville to be innocent, there was absolutely no excuse or reason for getting them into trouble. She simply made a fool of herself. The contrast between the height of her principles and the depth of her folly provides a screamingly funny scene. But I do not think the fun is quite legitimate. We ought to have had some previous inkling that Lady Ernestone was mentally deficient; and this inkling was not vouchsafed by Mr. Esmond. So sudden an aberration as hers may be pathologically right, but it is dramatically wrong in the case of a character in which we are expected to take serious interest. Mr. Esmond seems to have realised at this point that no one in the audience could again take Lady Ernestone seriously. Her bland astonishment at her husband's displeasure is in the best manner of farce. She had thought he would be delighted. "He is angry", she complains, "and I had so wanted him to be kind to me this evening". To secure his kindness, she abandons her middle-headed service of the truth, and goes off to Mr. Burville's flat in pursuit of the letter. The letter has already been burnt, and the only result of her visit is that she is seen, by an ill-natured gossip, in Mr. Burville's arms. There, with that flippant moral, the play should have ended. But Mr. Esmond seems to have thought that we might, after all, have again begun to take serious interest in Lady Ernestone. And so there is a last act, in which she is freed of any suspicion of scandal in the eyes of her friends. This is a pity.

Lady Ernestone being the central figure in the play, I have taken her as the main theme of this article. I wish I had space in which to deal with the other figures. They come off far better. Indeed, I think that the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Burville are quite the best thing Mr. Esmond has yet done. Both are drawn with a subtlety and truth that are quite delightful; and they are well realised by Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier. Than Miss Eva Moore some larger and more majestic actress is needed, I think, to bring out all the fun of Lady Ernestone.

MAX.

#### THE LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.

THE London Life Association is one of the most curious business organisations in existence. On the one hand it seems absolutely devoid of any desire to let people know that there is such an association, and clings persistently to old-time methods, thus suggesting lack of business capacity and complete indifference to progress; while on the other hand its business is managed so exceptionally well, and produces such fine results for its policy-holders that a mental conflict arises between the admiration rightly felt for what it does, and the amazement felt at what it leaves undone. But just because its results are so good we are disposed, for the benefit of our readers, partially to remedy the lack of enterprise which the management displays, and point out some of the numerous advantages which it offers.

The report for last year states that the number of new policies issued was 241, assuring £285,900; and yielding £11,497 in premiums. This volume of new business is probably smaller in proportion to the total business than is written by any other life office. The policies of the London Life are undoubtedly more advantageous than those of the great majority of other companies, and it is therefore a great pity to see the benefits restricted within such absurdly small limits. So far as development of premium income is concerned the office is in a state of stagnation, the total premium income being £5,000 less than it was four years ago.

The London Life, quite rightly, makes a point of the low rate of expenditure at which the business is worked. Treated in the usual way its expenses are less than 5 per cent. of the premium income, as com-



pared with an average expenditure by the other offices of 15 per cent.; but this ratio does not afford a fair comparison with other companies, since the Association charges abnormally high rates of premium to commence with and the bonuses are allotted solely in reduction of premium. These reductions are proportionately very large, as may be seen from the fact that while the nominal premium income was £355,059 the actual premium receipts were only £143,655. If the expenses were calculated on the premiums actually received they would amount to nearly 12 per cent., but this method of dealing with the expenses would be unfairly favourable to the Association, just as the usual method is unfavourable. The claims to be met during the year were heavier than usual, but in spite of this were considerably less than the amount expected and provided for.

The London Life, however, cannot be fairly judged from its annual accounts, which give no adequate idea of the merits of the Association, and the directors take particular pains to disguise the real attractions which the Association has to offer. Every three years, however, valuation returns are deposited with the Board of Trade, and from these it is possible to ascertain the superlative excellence of the London Life. The system of the Association is to charge a high premium at the commencement of the assurance, and at the end of seven years to reduce the premiums to 45 per cent. of the original amount.

The objection that has been raised to the payment of high premiums from the commencement is fairly well met by the half-premium system, by means of which a loan is made upon the policy, and the premium actually payable is reduced to one half the nominal amount. These reductions increase with the age of the policy, and so large are these reductions that policies issued prior to 1856 are now paying no premiums at all, and additions are being made to the policies. Policies issued between 1856 and 1866 are practically paying no premiums, and subsequent series of policies are receiving reductions varying from 85 to 55 per cent.

There is no kind of doubt that such policies as these are among the very best that can be obtained anywhere; and if sensible people would only examine for themselves the relative merits of different life offices the new policies of the London Life would be much more numerous than they are at present. The Association pays no commission for the introduction of business and, as experience unfortunately proves that the great majority of people only take policies when they are pressed upon them by agents, it is not surprising that the new business of the Association is small. It is probably not to the interests of the existing members of the London Life to pay commission and, by thus increasing their rate of expenditure, to diminish the profits for the members; but it would be very easy, without any appreciable increase of expenditure, to make the great benefits of the Association more widely known than they are.

By so doing they would confer a great boon upon the insuring public, and would improve, rather than otherwise, the prospects of existing members. The London Life is an office of great financial strength and whether its policies are kept in force, or surrendered, they prove good investments for its members; but, owing to its lack of business energy and enterprise, not one person in a thousand seriously contemplates effecting assurance with it for the simple reason that its merits are never presented in an attractive or effective form.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "BOSS" LOCUTUS EST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Sloane Street, S.W.,

23 October, 1902.

SIR,—One wonders that Mr. Andrew Lang (who I believe is a resident in S. Andrew's) did not head a party against the election of the great American

"Boss" to the Rectorship of that University. What qualifications an American man of commerce has for the position it is difficult to understand.

Surely the fact that he once wrote a book called, I think, "Triumphant Plutocracy", does not entitle him to the suffrages of students, who are mainly poor. It was by the work, and from the surplus, and therefore unpaid value, created, by men of the class of many of the S. Andrew's students that the great plutocrat rose to his present position. Does it endear their Rector to them to know that the mere fact of his rise is the main weapon in the hands of his class to keep their class poor? William Morris has pointed this fact out in his own inimitable fashion, and of late Mr. Blachford has emphasised it in his "Advice to Mr. Smith".

One would like to know if the S. Andrew's students know of the strike at Pittsburg in the works of their Rector. Now, sir, a strike is a strike, and cannot be conducted with kid gloves; but no employer of labour in Great Britain has ever fought an action against his men on strike or had recourse to the good offices of Pinkerton's Police, as the American papers reported the Rector of S. Andrew's to have done. I wonder, sir, if the Divinity students approve the economic morality of their Rector? Free Trader in Europe for platform purposes, and Protectionist in America on account of his "res angusta domi", as I suppose, now that he is Rector, he would describe it, Mr. Carnegie is a perpetual, commercial Janus, with an open eye upon both hemispheres.

But the Rectorial Address itself is a pearl above all pearls of eloquence. We are to stint ourselves in amusements and in tobacco in order to produce more wealth, it appears. What an ideal to hold up before a body of young men! Fancy the future ministers in their pulpits, in humble imitation of their Rector, "wailing" the judicious text, "Blessed are the rich, for they have inherited the earth".

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

## AMERICANS AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Victoria, B.C.

SIR,—In a letter published in your issue of 9 August, Alex. Anderson, Jr. states that "the population of the States is pouring into British Columbia in ever-increasing numbers, and the United States flag is commoner in British Columbia than the Union Jack which may eventually become a mere decorative accessory, and in every direction the Dominion is absorbing the pernicious productions of the American press".

It seems to be a mistake to allow statements of this kind to pass without contradiction or explanation, because they are apt to be subsequently quoted at inconvenient moments as admissions made by leading English journals and which have never even been controverted. If therefore no one has already referred to Mr. Anderson's letter will you permit me to say, that it is regarded here by those who should know as one of the most extraordinary statements ever seriously made in a newspaper. For the last six or seven years I have been a regular visitor to British Columbia and cannot remember having seen an American flag flying (except over an American Consulate) during that time. One or two may have escaped my notice or memory, but I doubt it. British Columbia is perhaps the worst province Mr. Anderson could have selected as a basis for his argument. There are of course many Americans, as there are of most nations, at the mines, and during the summer, there are many excursions from the American cities of Seattle and Tacoma to Victoria, but that covers all the "pouring" into this province.

In Ontario there are several tracts of pine and pulp wood in which Americans are partners, and the valuable industries in which Americans are interested do not in any way suffer from such interest. Up to the year

1900 (I think) the Michigan Saw-mills were supplied with logs cut in Ontario and towed across the lake. This pernicious practice was stopped by the Ontario Government requiring that logs cut on Crown lands should be sawn in the province. The result of this has been to close a number of mills in Michigan and to transfer the industries to Ontario. Mr. Anderson may think this employment of American capital mischievous, but he will hardly find anyone in Ontario to agree with him, and Canadians would laugh at the idea of its having any effect on their nationality, whatever it might do with the Americans concerned.

It is true that large numbers of American settlers are coming into "Western Canada", which comprises the province of Manitoba, and the three territories, Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, but Canadians welcome this influx knowing from experience that the transplanted Yankee becomes a loyal defender of his home and the country in which he has settled and in which his children are born. He cannot own his home-land, that is cannot receive his patent for a free section, until he has become a British subject, and so far I have never met or heard of an American settler in the West who was not contented with his new government.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in what Mr. Anderson says or implies concerning the United States' attitude towards Great Britain; though the feeling is a good deal more cordial than I have known it during the last thirty years, particularly amongst the educated classes; and it is as well to understand that with the American nation international politics means business, and that with them business is business to the nth degree. The Americans are a generous nation and understand acts of friendship, but do not appreciate slobber. They have more respect for a nation upholding its rights, as they themselves would do, than for one that allows things to slide through indifference carelessness or timidity. They naturally laugh at England's fear of touching her tariff lest it might offend some other nations, knowing so well how little they would regard the sentiments of other nations in like circumstances. There is, of course, no limit to their ambition; what they have, they hold, and what they see they reach for. Were this not so one might be excused for doubting whether they really come of British stock.

Yours obediently,

MOLYNEUX ST. JOHN.

#### THE KYMIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 Victoria Street, S.W., 22 October, 1902.

SIR,—A year and a half ago the National Trust was asking for £7,000 to effect the permanent preservation of the Brandehow estate on Derwentwater, and you were kind enough to extend the hospitality of your columns to us and to help us by commenting favourably on the scheme. As most of your readers are probably aware the £7,000 was obtained, the property purchased and on the 16th inst. the land was formally declared by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll to be held by the Trust for the public benefit.

But our work does not stop there, and I have to ask you once more to allow the Trust to appeal to your readers, this time for a very much smaller sum. £400 will enable the National Trust to acquire some nice acres on the summit of the Kymin near Monmouth. The place is well known to all who are acquainted with the Wye Valley, as one of the finest view points in the West of England. The spot is also historically interesting as being the site of the first (and, I believe, only) Temple erected in honour of the British Navy.

Donations should be sent to me at the office of the National Trust, 25 Victoria Street, S.W.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

NIGEL BOND, Secretary.

#### LORD ROBERTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hobart, Tasmania, 15 September, 1902.

SIR,—". . . Lord Roberts saved the Empire." So a prominent New York daily expressed itself in reviewing the position of affairs in South Africa immediately after Earl Roberts' return to England from the seat of war. In Australia I believe we also entertained a very good estimate of Roberts' services to the empire and race and the above extract was not thoughtlessly read, but was acquiesced in. Hence the keen regret expressed by many out here when we read in recent numbers of your publication the attacks made upon Earl Roberts' present administration. Of course it may be said that a General may be a mighty strategist and yet be a failure as Commander-in-Chief. Still out here we in the present instance think not. Earl Roberts' past career, his reorganisation of the Indian Army making it an almost perfect fighting-machine, assist us in our belief as to present capacity for administration. With a fuller and deeper patriotism and clearer and more unbiased insight, we feel that the SATURDAY REVIEW is not acting up to its best traditions in fathering the articles, which savour too much of the traitorous party attacks upon Mr. Chamberlain, so unworthy of the race; which we, with a truer perception and sense of duty towards our kith and kin, would never tolerate in the Australian states. With due apologies for trespassing and knowing that out here journals invariably publish any adverse criticism and presuming that you will not be behind your colonial confrères, I thank you in anticipation.

Yours truly,

THOMAS ARTHUR OKINES.

[Our correspondent would seem to be of Mr. Gladstone's opinion that the farther you get from the metropolis, the greater the capacity for judging public matters. For our part we think those who are nearer Lord Roberts' present scene of action are likely to make the better critics.—ED. S.R.]

#### NOVELISTS' INACCURACIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fairholme, Greystones, co. Wicklow,  
22 October, 1902.

SIR,—Allow me very briefly to correct an inaccuracy which has crept into Mr. Preston Beecher's interesting letter, published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 20 September. In Don Quixote (Don Quijote according to the modern and disimproved spelling) Sancho Panza does not lament the death of his ass, but, in very ludicrous terms, bemoans the loss of it.

Ginés de Pasamonte one of the men condemned to the galleys, whom Don Quixote had released, is represented to have stolen the donkey while Sancho and his master were sleeping in the recesses of the Sierra Morena. This is mentioned in the 23rd chapter, while in the 25th Sancho is represented as mounting his donkey again.

We learn from the second part of Cervantes' work that this oversight was much dwelt on by the critics of the first part. Where however Cervantes was caught napping it may be allowed an American Consul to guess erroneously.

I remain your obedient servant,

GEORGE SCOTT M.A.

#### THE ETIQUETTE OF QUOTATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Montpellier Villa, Easebourne, Midhurst,  
20 October, 1902.

SIR,—If Mr. Latham will refer to Locke's letter and replies to the Bishop of Worcester he will find that Locke writes of his essay under two titles—(1) "Essay



of Human Understanding"; (2) "Essay Concerning Human Understanding".

In the second edition of Locke's collected works published in 1722, which is before me as I write, in the Table of Contents the second title is given it, and among his posthumous works is one entitled "On the Conduct of the Understanding".

Yours faithfully,

M. S. OSBORN.

#### BAD LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Finsbury Circus, E.C., 13 October, 1902.

SIR,—The bad language so commonly heard in London is shocking and revolting to all decent people and should resolutely be stamped out by the most rigorous means that can be devised.

I should be pleased to join others in considering the best means of, at least, abating this foul blot on the character of the lower orders.

Yours faithfully,

GREVILLE WALPOLE M.A., LL.D.

#### THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As one or two papers which have criticised Mr. Selous' pamphlet on "The Old Zoo and the New", lately published by the Humanitarian League, have refused us the right of reply, may we appeal to your courtesy for the insertion of this letter?

It is said that our complaints of overcrowding at the Zoo are "sentimental". But the instances given by Mr. Selous are specific and clear: he refers to certain animals whose habits he describes, and shows by quoting the measurement of their cages that it is impossible for them to exercise those habits as they are at present housed—as in the case of the jumping hare whose den was boarded up to prevent him jumping himself to death against the bars. To allege, as has been done, in reply to these definite charges, some jocose remarks supposed to have been made by the animals to an "interviewer", to the effect that they are well satisfied with their surroundings, seems rather puerile, and furnishes an illustration of what Mr. Selous himself says in his pamphlet, that "any poor beast would have almost to take out a pocket handkerchief and weep", before some people would believe that all was not well with them.

We are assured, for instance, that the leopard in the small cats' house "cracks his bones with supreme indifference to onlookers". Possibly; but that is hardly a proof that it is humane to shut a leopard in such quarters; and it seems to be overlooked that the leopard's bones are in process of being cracked by prolonged confinement, for, as Dr. W. B. Carpenter long ago remarked, the skeletons of the aged carnivora are often good for nothing, even for museum specimens, "their bones being rickety and distorted".

Again, it is said in defence of the Gardens, that a visit there is "an education". But an education in what? A few generations ago it was the custom to cage pauper lunatics where passers-by could see them; perhaps that too was an education—of a sort. We marvel now to hear of such inhumanity; but it may be that a future generation will equally marvel to hear that the exhibition of caged and cramped animals could give any satisfaction to the children, and the grown-up children, to whom the Zoo is now a paradise.

Throughout his pamphlet Mr. Selous uses the weighty argument of the gain to ourselves in knowledge of a creature's habits, which would result from healthy, natural surroundings, and from superior accommodation. This is ignored by our opponents—and rightly; for how can they call it "sentimentalism"?

I am, yours, &c.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

#### REVIEWS.

##### A SAINT'S TRAGEDY.

"Jeanne D'Arc. Story of her Life, &c." Edited by T. Douglas Murray. London: Heinemann. 1902. 15s. net.

WE trust this translation of a portion of the contemporary documents, relating to the most pitiful tragedy of the Middle Ages, will find many English readers. It may read a useful lesson to their national self-righteousness by recalling to their minds the terrible crime that of yore Englishmen, who otherwise were honourable and brave men, committed, when they murdered a Saint for a selfish political end. In the main Mr. Murray has done the work of editor and translator successfully. His failure to use correct legal terms as when he writes "final sentence" in place of "definitive sentence" will, however, cause irritation to the instructed reader. It is also to be regretted that he has omitted the opinions of the doctors of Paris in reference both to the trial and the rehabilitation. The views of Gerson might at least have been published. The illustrations are excellent.

The Introduction is good, but disappointingly short. The subject of the Maid's visions for instance is hardly touched at all. One fact however is clearly brought out. The trial was essentially a political move on the part of the English Regency which claimed to govern France in the name of Henry VI. Its object was to "cover the French and their Sovereign with confusion as the allies and associates of a Minister of Hell" (Introduction xix.). It appears from the depositions, taken at the time of the Rehabilitation that before the commencement of the process Bedford's council had determined that Joan should burn. It was they who instituted and paid for the prosecution. And it was they who when the crime was accomplished in the lying letters, written in the name of their boy king, gloried in the deed. For these reasons it will be honest on our part to drop the fond legend that the Maid was done to death by her own countrymen. Her own countrymen on both sides cut pitiful figures indeed in the story of the martyrdom: but the chief infamy must rest on the instigators and directors of the deed, Bedford, Warwick and Beaufort.

The more closely that the records are scanned, the blacker does the atrocity (even from the contemporary standpoint) appear. If Joan had been executed as a rebel or even helped out of the way by a cup of poison or a dagger stab—the ethical sense of the days of the Roses and indeed of a far later day would hardly have been shocked. Indeed in the circumstances of the case such an issue might naturally have been expected. Nay even if her persecutors could have produced the slightest evidence of any use by her of magical arts, they would in the century that saw the trials of the Duchess of Gloucester and Jane Shore have been able to send her to the stake with fairly easy consciences. The revolting features of the process are the hideous hypocrisy and villainy used by Churchmen for political ends to brand a Saint as a heretic and a witch. In saying this we fully allow that that wretched creature the Bishop of Beauvais, who presided over this pantomime of iniquity, may have entered into the investigation with a strong prejudice against his victim. But he must be judged by his words, and throughout his profession was that he acted in the interests of the faith. Now unquestionably the Papal Inquisition, which in France (it never as the case of Wycliffe showed obtained control of heresy trials in England) regulated the trial of heretics, who were arraigned before the Diocesan Bishop and a Papal Inquisitor, allowed a form of procedure repellent to our notions of justice. Nevertheless, as the honest canonist Lohier pointed out to Beauvais even under this law an accusation involving heresy required a previous information as to the charges of guilt. Lohier was of opinion that no such inquiry had been here held, and that the process was for that reason vitiated. We now know that the Bishop's own investigations had revealed to him the story of Joan's innocent childhood, and that he suppressed the knowledge from his assessors and

doctors. In spite however of this shameless act, the attempt to bring home the charge of witchcraft seems practically to have collapsed. Joan was condemned in the first instance, mainly because she refused to submit her visions to the Church Militant. Such at least was the chief charge in the twelve articles laid before the University of Paris. Now, although the victim, under the belief it appears that the Church Militant to which she was required to submit was the assembly of her tormentors there present, undoubtedly used on the subject of submission language which to a mediaevalist might seem to savour of heresy, she clearly asked to be brought before the Pope or the general council of Bâle—a request which, as every canon lawyer knew, though not couched in technical language, had practically the force of an appeal. True, that in a heresy trial an Ecclesiastical Court could lawfully in some cases refuse leave to appeal; but in a process involving such difficulties as this, recourse to the highest tribunal should on the principle laid down by S. Thomas Aquinas not only have been allowed but encouraged by an honest judge, a fact of which the Bishop of Avranches reminded Beauvais. The suppression of the fact of submission in the articles was the basest villainy. Still worse things were done however to extort the confession of guilt. In short the whole story affords a terrible proof of the depths of infamy to which soldiers and ecclesiastics in common with other men may sink when carried away by spite and passion. Most revolting of all however was the last act in the tragedy. The recantation obtained, Joan belonged to the Church. By the law that the Bishop affected to administer it was his duty to detain her in an ecclesiastical prison and give her a woman for a companion. He remitted her to the custody of a brutal soldiery, and refused to permit her, according to his promise, to hear Mass. Then Joan resolved to die rather than endure such suffering, and she resumed her man's dress. And for this, on his own admission, the Bishop sent her to the stake. But infamous as was the conduct of the English and their French tools, the action of the King, to whose cause Joan clung so loyally to the last, and of his Churchmen, in particular of the Archbishop of Rheims, Beauvais' own metropolitan, who had blessed her enterprise, was as bad. No offer to ransom her was ever made, nor did the Churchmen of her own party lift a finger to save her, for jealousy was as powerful with them as was spite with their opponents. For the honour of human nature, it may be believed that Charles VII. did not betray her to the Burgundians at Compiègne. There is even some reason to think, though our author does not mention the fact, that the infamous Gilles de Rais, who however was a good soldier, may have been commissioned by the King to attack Rouen at the time of her trial. But to say the best Charles was unworthy of such loyalty as was Joan's. In truth in this loathsome drama of baseness and cowardice two men only lighten the blackness of the picture—the gallant English lord, who called out aloud at the trial "She is a brave woman, would she were English" and the honest lawyer Lobier, who at the risk of his life refused to take part in the iniquity. Seldom was crime more speedily avenged. After her death the voice of Rouen said that a Saint had been burnt. Bedford might found universities, and establish representative institutions in Normandy; but the flames which consumed Joan destroyed for ever the possibility of Plantagenet rule on French soil.

#### A COLUMBIAN VIEW OF CORNEILLE.

"Corneille and the Spanish Drama." By J. B. Segall. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1902. \$1.50.

THE present volume affords a curious glimpse of what passes for scholarship in an American university. Dr. Segall has undertaken to show the extent of Corneille's indebtedness to the Spanish stage, and he supplies his readers with a list of the points of resem-

blance between "Le Cid" and the "Mocedades del Cid" on the one hand, and "Le Menteur" and "La Verdad sospechosa" on the other. The catalogue is not unsatisfactory, so far as it goes; but, as the subject has already been handled with great ability by Schack, Klein, and Schaeffer, and as Dr. Segall contributes nothing new to the discussion, the necessity for his essay is not apparent. It is not that the subject is exhausted: the recent work of M. Martinenche proves that in the hands of a competent writer the theme is capable of most interesting development. The fact is that Dr. Segall has neither the gift of literary expression, nor a sufficient acquaintance with the matter of his theme. He has no wide intellectual outlook, no initiative, no power of co-ordinating his facts, and no perseverance in working out his conclusions. He follows mostly in the footsteps of his predecessors, and whenever he attempts to strike out a path for himself the result is disastrous. Nor, as we have already hinted, is there anything in his manner to make amends for his inadequate matter. It is true enough that by intensifying the characters, substituting new motives and unifying the action, Corneille converted a Spanish romantic epic drama into a French classical tragedy; but the reflection is so obvious and trite as to be scarcely worth making. In precisely the same vein the author concludes that Corneille's Alexandrines give "Le Menteur" a characteristic physiognomy of its own. But who ever doubted it? Still these observations (which, for anything we can see to the contrary, might go on for ever) have the relative merit of not being misleading. This is more than can be said of Dr. Segall's remarks when he can no longer depend on M. Viguier and is left to his own resources; and the most amusing feature of these original paragraphs is the remarkable self-confidence with which the author affects to decide controversial questions or brushes them aside as of no importance whatever. For example, in dealing with the sources of "La Suite du Menteur", he refers to Lope de Vega's "Amar sin saber á quien" which, as he very needlessly observes, has no connexion of any sort with Alarcon's "Verdad sospechosa", and he proceeds to state that Lope's play probably preceded Alarcon's by a few years. The point is important enough to deserve examination, and it would be extremely interesting to know on what grounds Dr. Segall bases his opinion. These, however, are not revealed. All that need be said here is that the available evidence points to an opposite conclusion. The "Verdad sospechosa" was first printed in 1630 at Zaragoza (with Lope's name erroneously attached to it), and "Amar sin saber á quien" seems to belong to the year 1634. Not less cavalier is the fashion in which Dr. Segall discusses the interesting question as to the sources of "Don Sanche d'Aragon". He dismisses it in two pages, seems unable to decide whether "El Palacio confuso" is by Lope de Vega or by Mira de Mescua, and ends with the ingenuous confession that he has never seen a copy of the Spanish play. It naturally follows that his treatment of "Don Sanche d'Aragon" is worthless, and incidentally he lets fall a remark which throws significant light on his methods. "Von Schack holds there is but one such drama, and that belongs to Mira de Mescua. But neither he nor any of the historians of the Spanish drama give an account of any such play. It could not be found in any of the libraries of Paris" (p. 147). This is edifying in a very high degree. Because Schack does not disclose the plot of "El Palacio confuso", and because no copy of the play came to hand in Paris, Dr. Segall considers himself absolved from all further trouble, and coolly closes by saying that "even if 'El Palacio confuso' were within reach, very little could be gained toward the further elucidation of Corneille's relation to the Spanish drama". This is as it may be, though how Dr. Segall can feel so certain on the point it is difficult to guess. It may suffice to remark that "El Palacio confuso" is certainly not unattainable, for it exists in at least five editions: the Huesca edition of 1634, the Zaragoza of 1639, the Madrid editions of 1640 and 1667, and as a "suelta" ascribed to Mira de Mescua. The attribution to Mira de Mescua has no other basis than the statement on the title-page of this unauthorised reprint.



It is not surprising to find that Dr. Segall is constantly at fault as regards the details which he presents by way of illustration. He speaks of "Amadis des [sic] Gaules", and of Montemayor's "Diana enamorada", evidently confounding Montemayor's "Diana" with Gil Polo's continuation of it; he gives 1672 as the approximate date of Théophile's "Pyrame et Thisbe" which cannot be later than 1617-8; he repeats the exploded attribution of "Lazarillo de Tormes" to Hurtado de Mendoza; he bungles over Quevedo's name; he traces the Copper Captains no further back than the Italian "commedia dell' arte", apparently ignorant that the type is as old as Epicharmus. But it would be idle to prolong the list of mistakes. The constant recurrence of these annoying blunders completely destroys whatever value would have otherwise attached to a well-intentioned book which might have been useful to junior students. As it is, we can only repeat that this present essay gives one an unfavourable impression of the cultivation of Romance languages in Columbia University.

#### THE LAUREATE, AND SOME POETS.

- "Haunts of Ancient Peace." By Alfred Austin. London: Macmillan. 1902. 6s.  
 "Aquamarines." By Nora Chesson. London: Grant Richards. 1902. 5s. net.  
 "Rainbows." By Olive Custance. London: Lane. 1902. 3s. 6d. net.  
 "Second Strings." By A. D. Godley. London: Methuen. 1902. 2s. 6d.  
 "Collected Poems of Roden Noel." London: Kegan Paul. 1902. 7s. 6d.

THE opening pages of the Poet Laureate's latest book give a pleasurable impression: in the second paragraph Lamia expresses herself tired of the garden that was loved by a laureate; and before long she and the rest set off on a tour through English villages. The delight of leaving that spot gives anticipations that are not altogether false. We are allowed amiable descriptions which do the scenery no particular harm and in accordance with Wordsworth's aspiration

"Ah then if mine had been the painter's hand  
 To express what then I saw"

pleasant etchings are added to the descriptive reports. The result is not quite a guide-book: would ever Baedeker at the height of his eloquence say that "It was the fruit-laden orchards that conferred the most enchanting feature on the scene"? Nor, though now and again verses, like murder, will out, is it a poem; for "the meadows of just-cut summer-smelling aftermath" don't rhyme with anything and certainly they do not scan. It is not an autobiography, though Lamia gives away an important life secret when she says "your garden books, of course are inimitable, especially the verses of the Poet that you cite so copiously and that you are responsible for". The "of course" is delightful; but the Poet Laureate can scarcely carry his modesty to such pitch as to think that we charged anyone else with that Poet's verses. Indeed the book is not anything in particular, but it will be welcome everywhere for its sweet appreciation of afternoon Tea, the obvious, and a certain poet. The culminating eulogy is artistically kept to the end. An American chance-acquaintance, who possesses "a sweet-faced seriously-gazing woman" for wife, blunders up to the Poet and thanks him effusively for something he once wrote "it must be now hard on five years ago"—really the American and the Poet have the advantage of us. What exactly was the piece Mr. Austin wrote five years ago? "As far as I know" he adds, with a most subtle use of the ego "the first clear English expression of an earnest desire that your country and ours should be rightdown good friends". "I know"—and he grasps the Poet's hand as he says it—"that you are an out-and-out Britisher from kernel to crackle. . . . There is no Power, nor combine of Powers, will be in a mighty hurry to tackle you. . . . But if they did . . . just you wire a

rhyme or two under the two thousand or three thousand miles of water that join, not separate, us". Mr. Austin may feel assured that it is the earnest wish of every Britisher that we shall not be driven to the adoption of this counsel of despair. It is a pity so amiable a book should end with a threat.

Mrs. Chesson and the Poet Laureate have one quality in common. There is a story of her that she wrote a poem on the top of an omnibus between Norfolk Street and Charing Cross, and for parallels to the achievement one need go no further than Shoe Lane before poesy claimed the whole time of the Laureate. Facility of course is not necessarily fatal. Rochester made an epigram while the Duchess of Cleveland was knocking him down. Some one said that every lyric poem was composed instantaneously. But there is a facility, such as Ovid's, which is apt to dominate its possessor, and there are people, such as Ovid, whose natural vehicle for everything is verse. They speak in verse, they write in verse, perhaps they think in verse; and the gift might be valuable if such people did not suppose that what has turned out to be verse must be worthy of preservation, solely because of its rhythmic quality. It is as if a prose author set the same value on his casual conversation as his creative thoughts. We have read many of these poems as they appeared in some of the nineteen papers whose editors are thanked. They were admirably fitted for the journals, pat to the occasion and the almanac and many of them very prettily turned. As paragraphs we liked them and forgot them. They were too easily made to be easily remembered, too smooth to stick, too pretty to be poetry.

It is quite certain that nineteen editors would not have accepted the verses contained in this very thin volume from the "blameless Bodlihead". They are too real and too erotic. Admirable as some of them are they had better been left unprinted, as a good deal that Paul Verlaine wrote. At the same time, the natural impulse is there and the verses all have the atmosphere of the mood that prompted them. They have also admirable simplicity of diction. The "Masquerade", one of the few impersonal pieces, is good.

"Yet some there are who will not dance;  
 They sit apart most sorrowful and splendid,  
 But all the rest trip on as in a trance  
 Until the dance is ended."

The relief of passing from things with titles so sticky and silly to Mr. Godley's "Second Strings" gives a genuine holiday feeling. There is no living writer who surpasses Mr. Godley in *lyra frivola*. He has the same faculty as Mr. Gilbert or, one may say, Lewis Carroll, of giving to prosaic conversational phrases, hackneyed beyond distinction a context so new, an association so quaint, that the idiom might have been making its first appearance. At the same time the humour of the effect comes from the perception that the phrase is trite with the polish of time. The words seem positively to laugh at their restoration to youth. There are several admirable instances in "The Meteorologist to his mistress", which is also marked by an almost diabolic ingenuity of rhyme. What could be better prose and verse than

"Then—while an area of limited pressure  
 Causes a local cessation of rain."

or

"Anticyclonic conditions prevail?"

And who else would have rhymed "where willows and sedges stir" with "anemometers register"? Perhaps the best thing in the book is the tale of the man of "mediocrity" who avoids ambition and

"— the loud diurnal hum  
 of logs reciprocally rolling"

and

"Who covets not with effort vain  
 The mind of Mill, the strength of Sandow,  
 But sees his limitations plain  
 And knows the things he can and can't do".

Setting aside the most serious muse, in which Mr. Seaman's claims have been not enough recognised, he

and Mr. Godley come nearest to Calverley. In parody Mr. Seaman has the greater skill; in the humour of light idiom it would be difficult to beat "Lyra Frivola" "Verses to Order" and "Second Strings".

The publication of the collected works of Roden Noel should, but one may fear will not, call attention to the claims of the poet. "A Modern Faust" comes near to being a great religious poem; and it was not an unreasoned zest for eulogy that caused John Addington Symonds to find in him likenesses to Blake and Robert Browning. He was "at home in the higher region of thought and feeling"; and this truth is in itself enough to account for the fewness of his readers.

#### SPORT ON THE TIGRIS.

"Letters from the East by Henry James Ross, 1837-1857." Edited by his Wife, Janet Ross. London: Dent. 1902. 12s. 6d. net.

TO those who did not know him the most interesting thing about the late Mr. Henry Ross was that he was the son-in-law of the beautiful and romantic Lady Duff Gordon, of whom we had such a delightful picture in Mrs. Ross' "Three Generations of Englishwomen". That he was a personality himself visitors to his lovely Florentine home were aware, and the charm of his conversation is subtly transfused in the appreciative sketch of his latter years contributed to this volume by his niece Miss Lina Duff Gordon. In his early life he had enjoyed experiences enough to furnish an old man's memory with strange and varied recollections, and it was fortunate that the letters in which he reported his adventures to his only sister were preserved. They form a remarkably vivid picture of life in Asia Minor during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Ross was associated commercially with Christian Rassam in the consulate at Mosul as early as 1844, and had the luck to witness the first discoveries of Assyrian antiquities by Botta and Layard. He took a vigorous part in assisting the latter in the excavations at Nineveh. He knew Rawlinson, and describes a very jovial evening at his Residency at Baghdad, when punch was dispensed by Captain Felix Jones up to the small hours, and Ross needed a 300-mile ride back to Mosul to work off the headache. A namesake Dr. Ross at Baghdad "had as great a love of animals as myself", he writes. "Among the pets allowed to roam at will about his house is a leopard, who puts its paws on the window-sill and gazes down into the street below. When a sheep or a donkey passes he springs down upon them and breaks their necks, leaving the doctor to pay the damage. His greatest pet was a tame lion, whose companion was an English bull-dog of the name of Paris. The dog stood in considerable awe of the lion, but was passionately fond of biscuits, so Dr. Ross used to throw bits of biscuit for him nearer and nearer to the lion, who quietly watched and waited till the biscuit came within reach of his paw and the dog tried to take it; then with his claws sheathed and without any desire to hurt Paris, he would send him flying to the other end of the room. Another pet is a monkey who delights in tormenting the lion by jumping on his back. . . . The lion was in the habit of taking quiet walks through the crowded bazaars, to the terror of people who did not know him. Finally the Governor-General sent to say that although he had a great respect for Dr. Ross, his lion could not be allowed to walk about the public streets and frighten delicate women".

Young Ross—he was only twenty-four when he went to Mosul—was a devoted lover of animals as well as a keen sportsman: odd as it seems to those who do not understand sport, the passion for killing animals is commonly joined to a genuine love of them. Ross was devoted to his horse, Merjan, whom he rescued when in an apparently dying condition, and he soon became widely known as the master of the famous red horse, whom no mare of the desert could distance. "Merjan was a pure Hamdany, a direct descendant of one of the famous mares of the Prophet; a noble horse, as gentle as he was spirited and with paces as easy as a rocking-

chair." Pig-sticking fills a large space in Ross' Mesopotamian letters, and it is clear that he was a bold hunter. One day he went out after pig with Layard, but not on Merjan, when he was twice thrown by his terrified grey who would not stand the sow's charge. After the first fall he picked himself up, and again tried to steady his horse for the attack, but in vain. "Nearly mad with vexation . . . I then made a last effort for the first spear, for fear Layard should take the honour from me; I dashed up, she met me straight on, and I buried the lance in her; still it did not check her, she and the lance came across the horse's fore-legs, he gave another mad jump and for the second time I was thrown. Layard says I was shot some five feet up from the saddle and pitched straight on my head; a whole bunch of hair was cut off. I bruised one of my eyelids and scratched my face all over, besides straining the back and side muscles of the neck, in fact I thought I had broken it. Luckily it was a sandy field and not a hard road. Although much shaken I was soon on my feet, and the first thing I saw was the beast of a sow coming straight for me, so I took to my heels as you may imagine with no pleasant anticipations." Happily Layard came to the rescue, or these exciting hunting adventures would probably have come to an immediate end. As it is there is plenty more, and not the least thrilling is a day after partridge diversified by a slip down the loose stones of a hill overhanging a precipice, with the agreeable addition of a gun at full cock clasped to his chest.

Though the sporting adventures are the most generally interesting feature of this thoroughly readable book, there is much else to attract attention. Ross lived in the heroic age of Asiatic discovery. He was the friend of Rawlinson and Layard, knew Lord Stratford and General Chesney, helped in the Land Transport at the time of the Crimean war, when he performed consular duties at Sarusun, witnessed the peculiar habits of Turks and Kurds and Yezidis, untrammelled by interference from civilised authority, and has a great deal to tell on all these subjects, especially in his correspondence with Layard. The letters are well written, vivid and natural, seldom breaking into "tall" language, and they give an obviously truthful picture of an interesting period in a wonderfully picturesque and unsophisticated country.

#### NOVELS.

"The Strange Adventures of John Smith." By William Henry Hudson. London: Sands. 1902. 6s.

What induced Professor Hudson—we believe that this is his description: he is not to be confused with Mr. W. H. Hudson the naturalist—to do this book, we cannot imagine. It is the story of a respectable young London clerk called John Smith, with a hankering for romance and adventure, who has a haunting sense that his name is all too familiar. So one day on the Underground Railway, when he meets and is talked to by a pretty girl, whom he sees home, he tells her he is FitzHugh Vespasian Smith. The girl turns out to be one of a little band of desperate Nihilists whose headquarters is Soho. He falls in love, head over heels, so that Victorine and her friends can do what they will with him. This is the sort of way she can do it: "Mr. Smith," she said—her low, rich voice made every pulse throb, and lent a weird music to the most casual phrase—"Sit down". She drew her dress about her, to make room for him beside her on the long seat". She had of course "a rippling laugh", and once "he caught, as he glanced down, a ravishing glimpse of one firm, neat little foot peeping coquettishly out from beneath the dark dress". Has Mr. Hudson, the naturalist, seen these? If so we should not wonder if he were not instantly for changing his name. The author may expostulate that his book is not quite so bad as the words quoted above imply; and, to be fair, it is not. The plot is absurd. The Nihilist business in English fiction is nearly always a complete failure. One of the very few books in which it is introduced with



effect is Miss Hawker's "Mademoiselle Ixe", a very clever little story which we believe the Dowager Lady Portsmouth practically discovered and brought to the notice of Mr. Gladstone. It had a run, and was forgotten, but will some day be discovered anew. In Professor Hudson's hands Nihilism in London is a thing to yawn over. Yet we confess to reading his book quite through, one day in the train, unpleasantly fascinated by the picture he presents of a phase of typical lower middle-class life in London. We believe there is realism in his John Smith, son of James Smith, Primitive Methodist grocer, and his Ben Chadwick, and that they live the lives here presented to us of drab vulgarity; chiefly in Suburbia. Compared with these is not the Kaffir or the cannibal a fine beast? We would almost rather have those young bloods of West Kensington who to be Society men go to public dances at three and sixpence each or half a guinea the set of four; to be literary spend threepence a week on the "Academy"; to take rank as sportsmen practise in whites the smash stroke at ping-pong. But it is not a matter to jest at. It is no use talking of raising the standard of education unless we can make such lives as these practically impossible. Man has been defined by a great old master as "the breath and similitude of God", as "that amphibious piece between a corporeal and spiritual essence, that middle that links those two together, and makes good the method of God and nature". But one must have faith indeed to find any spiritual essence about the many Ben Chadwicks of this world other than that they derive from the vile whisky of the nearest public house.

"Donovan Pasha, and Some People of Egypt." By Gilbert Parker. London: Heinemann. 1902. 6s.

Sir Gilbert Parker's attempts to reproduce the feelings, and more particularly the sayings, of British soldiers in the Soudan, are melancholy imitations of Mr. Kipling. But setting aside these unfortunate sketches, we find in "Donovan Pasha" a picturesque presentment of Egypt under Ismail, and of the handful of English pioneers who laid, under hopeless conditions, the foundations of a structure which bulks fairly large to-day. Our recent administrators have had their full share of difficulties and obstacles, but "Donovan Pasha" and his fellows in the 'seventies were really, not nominally, the subordinates of native Egyptian officials, and learned to take it quite as a matter of course when years of hard work were upset by a palace intrigue in Cairo. Sir Gilbert Parker has a vivid way of putting essentials before his readers. We cannot pretend any affection for the new magazine method which builds a number of detached incidents round some central figure—a Sherlock Holmes, Captain Kettle, Dr. Nikola, or Donovan Pasha. It is really a sort of literary atomism. Modern readers will not stand the literary mortar which bound together the adventures of Gil Blas or Tom Jones, therefore modern writers when it is too much trouble to write a real novel give us the detached bricks without the mortar. It suits the popular magazines.

"In Kings' Byways." By Stanley J. Weyman. London: Smith, Elder. 1902. 6s.

Mr. Weyman might very well have called these stories "Chips from a French Workshop", but they contain things far better than philology. One feels that they are by-products of more sustained work, odds and ends of French history that could not be worked into the longer novels. Still, if those longer novels did not exist, if these short stories appeared as the work of an unknown writer, they should at once claim attention for their vivid and picturesque qualities—those of them, at least, that touch on old France, for the two episodes of the French Revolution are hardly worth publication. The Terror is such familiar ground that a man should, unlike Mr. Weyman, have something fresh to say before he treads it. But Henry of Navarre is always good company, and the astute Mazarin with his career still to make gives the occasion for an excellent tale, while there is something of romance in the very name of Guise. Of the dozen stories in the book all are readable and one or two good. They are slight: they will hardly stay in the memory as lives a first-rate conte, but no doubt when they depart Mr. Weyman can replace them.

"Love of Sisters." By Katharine Tynan. London: Smith, Elder. 1902. 6s.

Katharine Tynan has "a way wid her" which makes her one of the most charming among the story-tellers of the day, so that a book from her pen may be taken up with confidence by anyone who can enjoy a quiet love-story brightly told. "Love of Sisters" is a characteristic piece of work. It has all the author's deftness of touch in character-lining, her power of describing natural scenes and scenes of natural emotion and is marked throughout by the genuineness and freshness of the conversation. The story itself is simply of the love affairs of two sisters which at one point overlap so as to make the necessary hitch in the course of true love; the manner of presentation and the pleasant atmosphere of the whole book render it far more attractive than many novels full of plot. We find it hard to believe that "stinging-nettles" in Ireland are distinguished by their "white blossoms".

"The Inca's Treasure." By Ernest Glanville. London: Methuen. 1902. 3s. 6d.

A story of extravagant adventure which starting on the London Stock Exchange soon shifts to South America, with some villains of the deepest dye, an honest mining engineer his invalid child-brother, the necessary women, Indians guachos and so on. Then there is the chief villain's son, supposed long since dead, and there is the treasure mysteriously guarded by a sightless anaconda. The whole might be briefly labelled in doctor's phrase, "the mixture, as before"—often.

"Jair the Apostate." By A. G. Hales. London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

The author of this new rendering of the history of Samson and Delilah contributes a brief preface which would suggest that his story is Chinese. We can only imagine that the preface was originally designed for another book. Mr. Hales has added little but wordiness to Chapters XIV., XV. and XVI. of the Book of Judges. We prefer the Biblical version to the novelist's perversion.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Side-walk Studies." By Austin Dobson. London: Chatto and Windus. 1902. 6s.

Mr. Dobson's knowledge of eighteenth-century social life is of course "wide and curious" and, what is important in such books as this, he condenses his knowledge like a scholar instead of beating it out thin. The resulting volume of essays, delightful to read, does not lend itself to lengthy reviewing, nor is any reviewer likely to be able to set Mr. Dobson right about a period which he has made his daily walk and ancient neighbourhood. The first paper recounts the ascertainable facts about Peg Woffington, "the heroine of a romance which is more than half a memoir and of a memoir which is more than half a romance". The mezzotint of her by Faber after Haytley has furnished the frontispiece of the book and is full of character and charm. The second essay is an interesting exposition of the geography &c. of S. James' Park as it used to be. Some at all events of the young may be unaware that the "Mall" should be pronounced like "wall" as Pope rhymed it and not after the analogy of Pall Mall. One of the most curious pieces of erudition in this collection is the account of the "Ombres Chinoises". "The manner of the 'Chinese Shadows' seems to have been on this wise. In place of the curtain in front of a miniature theatre was tightly strained a transparency of linen or oiled paper . . . A few feet behind this was fixed a strong light, and between the transparency and the light were interposed tiny figures cut out in cardboard or leather . . . the figures were jointed; and were worked with strings and other contrivances by an unseen operator." In the popular portrayal of the "Chasse aux Canards"—"A boat containing the sportsman was punted upon the scene; the sportsman discharged his fowling-piece; the lethal lead (plomb neutrier) killed a duck which toppled artistically from the welkin and two more swam hurriedly away." But we need not quote more from the book: all eighteenth-centuryites will read it for themselves. The index seems to be an excellent one.

"Borrowed Plumes." By Owen Seaman. London: Constable. 1902. 3s. 6d. net.

In noticing this little book we labour under the serious disadvantage that we are not steeped in some of the most important originals which the author imitates. Hence we

could scarcely form any judgment, if we read the sketches, as to whether Mr. Dooley, Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli were herein well done. The skit at Lord Avebury's expense seems distinctly funny.

"A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales." By Jonathan Nield. London: Elkin Mathews. 1902. 5s. net.

Mr. Nield's book has run remarkably soon into a second edition. He has added to it some indices which will no doubt be helpful. It is an astonishingly long list he can give us of these novels and tales. Nearly everyone seems to have written one or two. But then the rake with which Mr. Nield gathers together his authors is a very tooth-comb. Besides Mark Twain, G. A. Henty, G. Manville Fenn, Max Pemberton, Conan Doyle, we have Scott, Dumas, Charles Kingsley. It is perhaps not quite inappropriate that Mark Twain should head the former list.

"In Pursuit of the 'Mad' Mullah." By Captain Malcolm McNeill. London: Pearson. 1902. 6s.

A very useful and opportune book, which is concerned at times as much with the pursuit of big game as of the Mullah. Captain McNeill does not explain how Mahomed Abdullah came to be considered mad, though he uses the adjective throughout. He served with the Expedition of 1901, after having had a good deal to do with the raising of the Somali Levy. His account of the country, the difficulties it presents for the movement of troops, and the character of the people whether on the side of the Mullah or of the British will not add much perhaps to the knowledge of anyone who has studied Somaliland on the spot or in such works as Mr. Herbert Vivian's. The special value of Captain McNeill's book consists in the first-hand record which it gives of the situation in 1901. He conveys a not unpleasant impression of the Somalis. "The most serious fault in their character, from a military point of view," Captain McNeill says, "is their excessive excitability", and he frankly confesses that he would be very sorry to be in a really tight place with Somalis only. In a book which contains many illustrations, an appendix and an index, space might surely have been found for a map. The general reader is not likely to be acquainted with the geography of this north-east shoulder of Africa.

"The Ancestor: A Quarterly Review." No. 3. London: Constable. 1902. 5s. net.

The third number of "The Ancestor" opens with an article on the family of Jervoise, of Herriard in Hampshire, descending from Richard Jerveis of London mercer who married in 1525, illustrated with some fine portraits, and with extracts from a "Book of Evidences" written by Richard himself. Articles on "Extinct Cumberland Families", "Huguenot Families" and "Our Oldest Families" confirm the character of this quarterly publication. And the paragraphs on "What is Believed" continue to be amusing. Destructive criticism, always more attractive to the reader than laborious proof, is a principal feature of "The Ancestor". Mr. Round's "Tale of a Great Forgery", provoked by Vol. XVI. of the "Surrey Archaeological Collections", and Mr. Taylor's "Genesis of a Myth" will perhaps be the articles most widely read, while those who study "The Gentility of William Exebe" will admire the skill with which Mr. Barron conceals the contradiction of views expressed in the last number. Fine heraldic illustration is exhibited in an account (to be continued) of the Harleian MSS. 2169—which is a fifteenth century Roll of Arms.

"Fresh-Water Aquaria: their Construction, Arrangement and Management." By Rev. Gregory C. Bateman. Second edition, revised and enlarged. London: Upcott Gill. 1902. 3s. 6d.

This is a most useful and practical book for all who desire to devote themselves to the fascinating occupation of keeping an aquarium. It contains clear and simple instructions as regards the general management not only of fishes and amphibians but also of the innumerable snails, water-beetles and other inhabitants of our streams and ponds. The chapter on water-plants is good, and the important rôle these play in the life-history of the fishes and other denizens of the water is well set forth.

From the large number of reprints that continue to reach us we do not hesitate to select Messrs. Treherne's edition of "Westward Ho!" (1s. 6d. net cloth: 2s. leather) as one of the neatest. The cloth binding here is preferable perhaps to the limp leather. This great story can be read at least as many times as Stanley read "Guy Mannering" with joy and with profit. We are not greatly impressed by the two opening volumes of the "Red Letter Library" (leather 2s. 6d. net each. Blackie). The title pages and the frontispieces of both the Tennyson and the Browning selections are rather odd. The volumes are light to handle and well bound in limp red leather. Mrs. Meynell supplies a slight prefatory note to each volume. From Messrs. Chapman and Hall we have received three volumes of the new Biographical Edition of Dickens' works besides "The Life of Charles Dickens" by Forster, which Mr.

George Gissing has abridged and revised. There are to be eighteen volumes in all and the price is 3s. 6d. each. The original illustrations are retained. No attempt has been made to produce this edition in an artistic dress. It is somewhat vivid in appearance, a great deal of red and gold without and some red within. It is solid rather than portable, and the print and paper will satisfy the public. The reprint of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" (Hurst and Blackett. 1902.) is distinctly not attractive. It is illustrated in colours. We do not particularly want Gray illustrated, but if it is to be done it should be done finely. In "The Little Library" (Methuen. 1s. 6d. net) "Selections from the Early Poems of Robert Browning" has been added. Mr. Hall Griffin supplies some explanatory footnotes, which may be useful to some readers, and an introduction. If we are to read selections from Browning we confess to a preference for his own which were published in two volumes some years ago by Messrs. Smith, Elder. "Aurora Leigh and other Poems" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning is a pretty volume published at 3s. 6d. by the Oxford University Press. It is scarcely more than toy book size yet contains almost a thousand pages of a type which, thanks to the thin and admirable paper, does not strain the eyesight: four inches by three in dimension, it is yet less, with all its matter, than an inch in thickness! "The Love Poems of Herrick" (Lane. 1s. 6d. net) belongs to the series bearing the somewhat affected title of "The Lovers' Library". We had rather that the many choice poems herein were printed in black ink which was good enough for Shakespeare's love. From the Cambridge University Press we have received Charles Kingsley's "Heroes" and Scott's "Lord of the Isles" in the Pitt Press Series (2s. each), Mr. E. Gardner edits the former, and Mr. Flather the latter. Both are for young folk, and their object is largely educational.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

### A RETROSPECT.

When we look back upon the innumerable books published in Paris since January last we find it impossible to pick out a single masterpiece. Frankly, it has been a bad year: no new author of any promise to signal, nothing from M. Anatole France, three deaths to record, three losses that are irreparable. First of all, M. Charles Chincholle, journalist and novelist. In his own way he was unique: his studies of Paris life, the gayer life, made the most enlightening and entertaining reading, for M. Chincholle knew Paris more intimately than any of his confrères and thus could introduce one to the queerest corners and the strangest people. Yet, at no time was he offensive. Monsters did not interest him, his intrigues he ever handled delicately and discreetly, and then—best of all—his worst characters were never wholly bad. Swindlers, usurers, blackmailers—all had some redeeming quality, were human. M. Chincholle realised that the rarest person on earth is the man who has not some good emotion and instinct, however dormant, in him; and it was pleasant, in the midst of a black affair, to find that the culprit was not altogether a lost soul. Often indeed, one found oneself sympathising with this adventurer, that light lady: put them down as the victims of circumstances and early unfavourable surroundings, and decided that, with a happier upbringing, they would have made amiable and even admirable members of society. M. Chincholle was a master at awakening compassion. Then, as a humourist, M. Chincholle had few rivals. His humour was perfectly spontaneous; we like to recall the conversations of his bourgeois, his boulevardier, his parvenus, and his mondains. Each of his creations was wonderfully life-like; his style was striking; his sense of construction was dramatic: Parisians have reason indeed to mourn the death of M. Chincholle. Then, Madame Henry Greville; also, in her own way, incomparable. Who has not read, and rejoiced over, "Dosia", "Petite Princesse", and, more recently, "Zoby"? Impossible is it to enumerate all Madame Greville's admirable novels: there are forty or fifty of them, and each one has some special merit. We can name no writer who has enjoyed greater affection and greater esteem, and who has done more to brighten the lives of those who are sick to death of the average French novel. Now that she has gone the jeunesse has lost its best friend. Particularly in the provinces will she be missed—for there the arrival of her most recent book was regarded as a veritable event, and the circulating libraries could not procure copies enough. Admirable Henry Greville! Ignoring the hysteria, sensationalism, cynicism, and sensuousness of the majority of her confrères, she calmly went her own way—a good, a bright way—and not once strayed from her chosen path. For almost half a century she wrote regularly, yet was never "old fashioned". Her novels of yesterday seem to us as fresh as "Zoby". She was never voted "démodée". She was never called "sentimental". The decadent, cynic and sensualist could not but respect and admire Henry Greville. And finally, Emile Zola. Recently, in one of the reviews, a critic was lamenting the absence of masters in modern literature, and



sadly comparing the present to the past. Flaubert, the de Goncourts, Balzac, Maupassant, Daudet—all gone. And only one great man in their place: Zola. Neither Paul Bourget nor Pierre Loti could, in this critic's opinion, be described as "great". Nor yet Anatole France. Paul Bourget was profound, Pierre Loti and Anatole France were exquisite—nothing more. But Zola was indisputably great: and with him the last of the masters has gone.

However, it is time to turn to the books. Undoubtedly the most admired and most successful of the last ten months was Pierre Loti's "Les Derniers Jours de Pékin" (Paris: Calmann Lévy). Herein, the most perfect of French stylists describes the state of Pekin after the relief of the Legations, and his journey thither; and his visits to the tombs of the Chinese Emperors, to abandoned palaces, to wonderful gardens. He meets Lieutenant-Colonel Marchand, and the pair of them exchange opinions and impressions. He is received by Li-Hung-Chang in a dilapidated house, and the Grand Old Man of China almost frightens the gentle Pierre Loti. Indeed, Loti mistrusts him, Loti cannot understand him. He is imperturbable, inscrutable; and nothing much comes of the interview between Li and Loti. The old gentleman, in fact, talks of everything but China. Never was Pierre Loti's style more exquisite; and

(Continued on page 558.)

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never was he himself more melancholy. Of novels, M. Paul Bourget's "L'Étape" (Paris: Plon) must be reckoned the most important. In it he insists upon the necessity of a Catholic training for all those who would be happy and at peace in after life. The book is undoubtedly a reply to the Associations Bill, but it must be said that M. Bourget is more successful as a novelist than as a teacher. The Monnerons are Freethinkers, the Ferrands are fervent Catholics; and the Monnerons—father, son and daughter—are for ever in difficulties, always unhappy—whereas the Ferrands prosper. The problem is a delicate one, but M. Bourget does not handle it delicately. He is all for the Ferrands, and has no mercy on the Monnerons. Catastrophe follows catastrophe—no family has ever experienced greater misfortunes than these Monnerons. And yet the father, a professor, is—M. Bourget often admits it—a fine man, as fine as M. Ferrand so far as character goes. The book is one long comparison between the life of the Monnerons and the life of the Ferrands, and it is often tedious and rarely entertaining. Moreover, M. Bourget makes an unnecessarily savage attack upon Socialists: and does them the injustice of putting them upon the level of a number of turbulent and ignorant men who constitute the "Union Tolstoi". They are not, in the true sense of the word, Socialists; and it is unfair to introduce them as such. M. Bourget has been counselled by his admirers to return to his psychological studies, and it is to be hoped that he will take their advice. "L'Étape" should not be mentioned in the same breath with "Mensonges" and "Un Cœur de Femme". Although MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte are still busily engaged upon the last volume of their stirring work "Une Époque", they have nevertheless found time to produce "Le Jardin du Roi" (Paris: Plon), a charming picture of Society at Versailles under the last Empire. It is scarcely a novel: rather a series of sketches written in the light, easy style that characterised "Femmes Nouvelles". We are introduced to many a charming "jeune fille", and we assist at private theatricals and balls and banquets. Of course, there are love affairs, and little griefs; but all ends happily with marriages and music. We can cordially recommend this book to all admirers of MM. Margueritte's lighter work; but it cannot be compared with "Le Désastre" and "Les Braves Gens".

Coming to books by less famous authors we must single out for special praise M. Valentin Mandelstamm's "Jim Blackwood, Jockey" (Paris: Juven). That a jockey could be made intensely interesting is scarcely conceivable; but M. Mandelstamm manages to interest us in Jim Blackwood from first to last. The scene is Chantilly, and there it is that Jim Blackwood triumphs, falls, and dies. He "goes wrong" through a woman, and the history of his downfall is most powerfully narrated. Many a stirring incident takes place, but the strongest chapter of all is that which shows Jim Blackwood, shabby and shattered, selling race-cards to those who had cheered him and flattered him in former days. Most certainly a book to be read. "Thérèse Heurtot" by M. Jean Morgan (Paris: Plon) is chiefly remarkable for a romance between the imaginative, highly impressionable wife of a plain country doctor and Jean de Hauvannes, an impetuous and artistic young man who owns a neighbouring château. It is possible to make some excuse for their intrigue. The description of the old château and the surrounding scenery proves M. Jean Morgan to be an artist; and we have also to congratulate him upon his polished and easy style. Bizarre as ever, M. Jean Lorrain has no doubt satisfied his admirers with "Princesses en Ivoires" and "Le Vice Errant" (Paris: Ollendorff). The first, however, is not bizarre in an offensive sense: the "Princesses" might figure in a fairy tale, only that they are too eccentric to appeal to the young, and the style would bewilder them. "Le Vice Errant", however, is bizarre in another way. Heaven only knows where M. Jean Lorrain meets his monsters; we hope they exist only in his imagination. One of these days M. Jean Lorrain will find it impossible to find or create more monsters, and then perhaps he will give us something more worthy of his undoubted talent and his striking style. The description of the London Docks in "Le Vice Errant" is a superb piece of writing.

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To the Shareholders,  
GENTLEMEN,—Your Directors beg to submit their Fourth Annual Report and the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the year ending the 30th April, 1902.

When the reports for the years ending 30th April, 1900 and 1901, were submitted to you at the Annual Meeting of the 4th July, 1901, they were not audited owing to the disturbed condition of the country, but the Directors then stated that the audit would be proceeded with. This audit has since been completed, and the accounts for these two years have been certified by the Auditor as correct and in order. The present accounts have been also duly audited and the Auditor's certificate is attached.

### CAPITAL.

Since the date of the last annual meeting there has been no change in the capital of the Company, which now stands at £730,580, the whole of which has been issued.

The debenture debt is also unaltered, and stands at £30,400.

### PROPERTY.

No change has taken place in the property of your Company since the last report was issued.

### OPERATIONS.

During the period now under review the operations of the Company were considerably hindered on account of the warlike operations then still being carried on, but your directors have pleasure in reporting that, notwithstanding the difficulties experienced, the Company has again been placed on a profit-earning basis.

You will see from the accounts submitted to you that, as against the former loss of £18,467 6s. 7d. reported at the last annual meeting, the present accounts show a gross profit of £64,738 13s. 2d. and a net profit of £19,342 16s. 10d., after writing off £10,980 for premium on converted debentures.

During the period under review the farming and other operations of your Company, from which in the past large profits have been derived, have been practically at a standstill. The profit above mentioned has, therefore, been derived practically from one branch of the Company's operations only, viz., the coal mining, and that branch has had to carry all the outlay, such as the salaries of the permanent staff, general charges, maintenance, depreciation, etc. The Company has contracts running for the supply of large quantities of coal up to the end of the year 1904, which ensure a good output and a good market for its coal. The position and prospects of the coal trade of your Company are therefore excellent. This coal trade has been hampered by various difficulties, such as shortages in trucks, insufficiency of native labour supplies, etc., which are, however, being gradually overcome.

Your Directors confidently anticipate a largely increased profit from the Company's operations in the future.

### NEW CORNELIA MINE.

The permanent plant, headgear, &c., at this mine have been completed and are now working with good results. The coal seam still maintains its thickness of from 10 to 20 feet, and the coal produced is of good quality. The development in the mine is being pushed on and the output is increasing. It is anticipated that, in the near future, the output from this mine will be very nearly doubled.

### CENTRAL MINE.

Good progress is being made at this mine. Certain boring operations which have been carried out show that there are large coal areas which can be worked from this mine. Steps are now being taken to connect one of these areas with the mine, whereby its life will be prolonged for a considerable time. The machinery and plant are in good working order.

### COAL AREAS.

The Directors have taken steps to test, by means of diamond drilling, certain of the coal areas of the Company. The result of these boring operations confirms the statements previously made, viz., that the coal areas are practically unlimited.

The Directors have taken steps to keep the prospecting work and development permanently in hand, so that these operations shall be regularly kept some years in advance of the ordinary work of extraction as it proceeds.

### TREE PLANTATIONS.

The work at the Company's tree plantations is being proceeded with and these plantations show the most gratifying promise. The Maccauvlei plantation, which stood in the books last year at £26,514 15s. 7d., now stands at £28,199 10s. 3d. This latter item represents only the actual cash expended. The plantation now contains very nearly 2,000,000 trees, large numbers of which are rapidly approaching the stage when their timber could be turned to profitable account and large sales effected.

You will note that this important branch has not been appreciated or written-up at all, but stands in the accounts at the actual cost only. Its value to-day must be taken to be many times the amount expended on it. The timber on this plantation shows remarkable results, both in growth and in quality. Though the trees are still comparatively young and hardly suitable for testing purposes, some of the timber has been sent to Europe and tested there by competent experts, who have certified that its quality is considerably higher than that of similar European timber. The Directors look upon this asset of the Company as an extremely valuable one, and confidently anticipate that, in the near future, a very large profit will be derived from it.

### TOWNSHIP.

The Company owns over three-fourths of the Vereeniging Township. Vereeniging being situated on the main line from Cape Town to Johannesburg, in a district containing working coal mines and valuable agricultural ground, has every prospect of becoming an important business centre. In addition to this, it has always been regarded favourably as a health resort. There is, therefore, every reason to expect in the future a great increase in the prosperity of the town and an increasing revenue from this valuable asset of the Company.

### BOOK DEBTS.

The accounts shown in the Balance Sheet have been carefully valued, and the whole amount of £47,896 1s. 10d. is considered good. A considerable portion of this amount consists of accounts for coal supplied to the two railway administrations.

You will observe that the large amount of £15,439 17s. has been written off as depreciation. This amount may appear to be excessive, but the directors prefer to deal with these matters on conservative lines. In many instances the actual value of the assets of the Company, apart from the land, is largely in excess of the book values and the figures shown in the accounts.

### DIRECTORS.

In terms of the Company's Articles of Association, Messrs. Samuel Marks and Eliza Marks retire by rotation, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.

### AUDITOR.

The present Auditor of the Company is Mr. John Mackillican, who retires, but is eligible and offers himself for re-election.

You are requested to fix the remuneration for the audit of the accounts for the past year and to appoint an Auditor for the current year.

### GENERAL.

The Directors have been considering the question of the possible existence on the Estate of other minerals and metals in respect to which no examination to speak of has hitherto been done on the property. It is the intention of the Board actively to take this important subject in hand at an early date and to have the Estate thoroughly examined with a view to ascertaining what other minerals, metals, etc., there are on the property. The Directors believe that this examination will yield important results.

J. N. DE JONGH, } Directors.  
H. CRAWFORD, }

JOHANNESBURG, 25th October, 1902.

## BALANCE SHEET, 30th April, 1902.

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Capital Account—							
Authorised—							
730,580 Shares at £1 each	.. .. .	730,580	0	0			
Debentures—							
Authorised 3,500 at £100 each	.. .. .	350,000	0	0			
Less Reserve 1,000 at £100 each	.. .. .	100,000	0	0			
		250,000	0	0			
Less Converted into Shares	.. .. .	219,600	0	0			
					30,400	0	0
Creditors	.. .. .				22,425	6	2
Profit and Loss Account—							
Credit Balance at 30th April, 1901	.. .. .	33,614	19	7			
Profit for year ending 30th April, 1902	.. .. .	19,342	16	10			
					52,957	16	5
					£836,363	2	7

ASSETS.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Farms	.. .. .	538,113	2	6			
Maccauvlei Tree Plantation	.. .. .	28,199	10	3			
Schaapplaats Ranch	.. .. .	6,642	13	4			
Leeuwkuil Vineyard and other Industries	.. .. .	4,310	19	8			
Permanent Works and Machinery and Plant, Central Mine	.. .. .	45,740	17	2			
Permanent Works and Machinery and Plant, Cornelia Mine	.. .. .	81,435	12	6			
Buildings	.. .. .	46,335	11	9			
Livestock, Vehicles and Harness	.. .. .	2,665	8	3			
Furniture	.. .. .	1,615	3	7			
Stocks on Hand	.. .. .	23,115	8	4			
Coal in Transit	.. .. .	317	3	0			
Building Stands, Johannesburg	.. .. .	4,228	2	8			
Vaal River Water Scheme	.. .. .	618	1	9			
Insurance, Licenses, &c., paid in Advance	.. .. .	304	10	6			
Rand Mutual Assurance Co. Deposit against 76 Shares	.. .. .	153	0	0			
NOTE.—There is a liability of £9 per Share on these Shares.							
Rand Native Labour Association—							
Subscription for 240 Shares in Association	.. .. .	324	0	0			
Debtors	.. .. .	47,896	1	10			
Cash—							
On Current Account	.. .. .	2,449	3	6			
On Deposit Account	.. .. .	2,500	0	0			
					£836,363	2	7

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for 12 Months ending 30th April, 1902.

	£	s.	d.
To General Charges, including Auditor's Fees, &c.	.. .. .	2,886	9
Premium on Converted Debentures	.. .. .	10,980	0
Interest on Debentures	.. .. .	2,216	0
Maintenance Account	.. .. .	14,873	10
Depreciation Written Off	.. .. .	15,439	17
Balance : Profit Carried to Balance Sheet	.. .. .	19,342	16
		£64,738	13 2

	£	s.	d.
By Profits on Coal Winning, Firebrick Sales, Farming, &c.	61,437	3	8
Rents	1,894	7	6
Post Revenue	1,047	5	11
Sundries	359	16	1
	£64,738	13	2

I have compared the above Balance Sheet and accompanying Profit and Loss Account with the Books and Vouchers of the Vereeniging Estates, Limited. In reference to the sum of £2,500 on deposit, the amount was placed with the former Administration of the Orange River Colony as security for the performance of the Coal Contract, but has not yet been confirmed by the present Administration. Subject to this remark, I certify that in my opinion the accounts are correct, and that they exhibit the true position of the Company at the 30th April last, as shown by the Books of the Company. I have addressed a letter to the Board containing a detailed report on the Audit.

JOHANNESBURG, 8th August, 1902.

(Signed) JOHN MACKILLICAN,  
Auditor.

London Office: Threadneedle House, 28 to 31 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED  
(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO)

Presented to the Shareholders at the HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on Wednesday, 10th September, 1902.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED....Yen 24,000,000 | CAPITAL PAID UP....Yen 18,000,000 | RESERVE FUND....Yen 8,910,000

DIRECTORS.—NAGATANE SOMA, Esq. KAMENOSUKE MISAKI, Esq. KOKICHI SONODA, Esq. RIYEMON KIMURA, Esq.  
ROKURO HARA, Esq. IPPEI WAKAO, Esq. YOSHIGUSU NAKAI, Esq.

PRESIDENT.—NAGATANE SOMA, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENT.—KAMENOSUKE MISAKI, Esq.

BRANCH OFFICES.—Kobe, Nagasaki, Tokio, Hong Kong, Newchwang, Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin, New York, San Francisco, Hawaii, Bombay, London, Lyons.

HEAD OFFICE.—YOKOHAMA.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ending June 30th, 1902.

The gross profits of the Bank for the past half-year, including Yen 544,156.<sup>783</sup> brought forward from last accounts, amount to Yen 7,224,672.<sup>147</sup>, of which Yen 5,259,598.<sup>978</sup> have been deducted for current expenses, interests, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 1,965,073.<sup>783</sup>.

The Directors now propose that Yen 200,000.<sup>000</sup> be added to the reserve fund, raising it to Yen 5,910,000.<sup>000</sup>, and that Yen 100,000 be put aside as special reserve to provide for the depreciation of the silver funds. From the remainder the Directors recommend a dividend at the rate of thirteen per cent. per annum, which will absorb Yen 780,000.<sup>000</sup> on old shares and Yen 390,000.<sup>000</sup> on new shares, making a total of Yen 1,170,000.<sup>000</sup>.

The balance, Yen 495,073.<sup>783</sup>, will be carried forward to the credit of next account.

NAGATANE SOMA, Chairman.

Head Office, Yokohama, 10th September, 1902.

30th June, 1902.

LIABILITIES.

BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.

	Y.		Y.	Y.
Capital paid up.....	18,000,000. <sup>000</sup>	Cash Account—		
Reserve Fund.....	8,710,000. <sup>000</sup>	In Hand.....	8,530,431. <sup>779</sup>	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts.....	317,072. <sup>000</sup>	At Bankers'.....	5,129,188. <sup>079</sup>	
Reserve for New Building.....	39,083. <sup>700</sup>	Investments in Public Securities.....		13,662,619. <sup>789</sup>
Reserve for Depreciation of Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.....	572,008. <sup>870</sup>	Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.....		22,135,437. <sup>100</sup>
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.).....	55,274,183. <sup>518</sup>	Bills Receivable and other Sums due to the Bank.....		37,931,315. <sup>000</sup>
Bills Payable, Bills Rediscounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank.....	70,205,339. <sup>000</sup>	Bution and Foreign Money.....		118,718. <sup>000</sup>
Dividends Unclaimed.....	4,937. <sup>783</sup>	Bank Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.....		1,195,586. <sup>070</sup>
Amount brought forward from last Account.....	544,156. <sup>783</sup>			
Net Profit for the past Half-year.....	1,495,916. <sup>478</sup>			
	Yen 15,088,407. <sup>514</sup>			Yen 155,088,407. <sup>514</sup>

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	Y.		Y.
To Current Expenses, Interests, &c.....	5,259,598. <sup>978</sup>	By Balance brought forward 31st Dec., 1901.....	544,156. <sup>783</sup>
To Reserve Fund.....	200,000. <sup>000</sup>	By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1902.....	6,680,515. <sup>200</sup>
To Reserve for Silver Funds.....	100,000. <sup>000</sup>		
To Dividend—			
Yen 6. <sup>000</sup> per Share for 120,000 Old Shares = Yen 720,000. <sup>000</sup> ; and	1,170,000. <sup>000</sup>		
Yen 3. <sup>000</sup> per Share for 120,000 New Shares = Yen 360,000. <sup>000</sup> .....	495,073. <sup>783</sup>		
To Balance carried forward to next Account.....	495,073. <sup>783</sup>		
	Yen 7,224,672. <sup>147</sup>		Yen 7,224,672. <sup>147</sup>

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and find them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and find them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

SHINBUU TAJIMA,  
FUKUSABURO WATANABE, AUDITORS.

SWAZIELAND CORPORATION.

THE COMPANY'S PROMISING PROSPECTS.

THE fourth ordinary general meeting of the Swazieland Corporation, Limited, was held on October 29, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., the Hon. J. Tadhope presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. F. Pressland) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the most important event of the past year affecting the interests of the Corporation was the conclusion of the war in South Africa, which was raging when the directors last met the shareholders, and the consequent improvement in the prospects of the Company. "Not that we have as yet felt the full influence of peace; the time has been too short, and we have not been able to resume active operations in Swazieland, our staff being only now on their way to Bremerdorp; but the assumption of British control and influence in the country is in itself an immense advance on the chaotic state of affairs which prevailed under Boer rule, and materially adds to the intrinsic value of our assets. We may now look forward hopefully and confidently to an improvement in the character of the Administration, to an improvement in the laws governing the mining industry, and to the introduction of a comprehensive Government scheme for the settlement of agricultural emigrants in the land. The extremely rich lands which form so large a part of the assets of the corporation will thus, I trust, be made reproductive. During a visit which I paid to the Transvaal a few months ago I was privileged to have an interview with Lord Milner on the important question of the land settlement of the Transvaal, and though I understood from his Excellency that the future of Swazieland was not then ripe for discussion, I am convinced that the liberal and enlightened policy which he was then busy formulating for the Crown lands of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies will in due time be extended to Swazieland. I may remind you that before the war we had prepared a scheme for locating an agricultural population upon our hands. When the time arrives we may find it advisable to open negotiations with the High Commissioner with the hope of getting these lands permanently occupied by British settlers on some similar basis to that now successfully at work in the Orange River Colony. In view of the somewhat lengthy statement I made last year on the subject of our concessions, and the grounds upon which your directors based their belief that the titles of the Corporation were unassailable, I shall not trouble you with any further remarks thereon, except to say that nothing has occurred during the year to cause any change in the views your directors then held. Respecting the future government of Swazieland, I have reason to believe that it has not been definitely decided whether the country is to be incorporated into the Transvaal, or will be dealt with as a protectorate or dependency. In either case, there is no doubt that British control and influence will be paramount, and that is the main point to be considered. British trade and commerce will greatly benefit by the change, and with security and protection to the white and black population in the cultivation of the land and opening up of the country a period of prosperity may be confidently reckoned upon. In the course of my remarks last year I said that the policy of your directors had perforce been one of inaction; indeed, the state of the country forbade

any further course being thought of. With the return of peace, however, your directors felt that this period of inactivity should come to an end, and that whenever it was possible we should strengthen the Company's position in the country by adding to our finances, so that we may not only be able to adequately develop the important interests we now hold, but perhaps add to them, as properties and concessions come into the market. They therefore opened negotiations with the African and European Agency, Limited, and finally entered into a provisional agreement with the company for the purchase of the remaining three-fourths interest in the liquor concessions (this Company already holding the other quarter) for a sum of £100,000 in cash and the option to purchase the assets of the Forbes Reef Gold Mining Company, which option your directors decided to exercise." Having explained the terms of the arrangement for the purchase of the Forbes Reef Company, the Chairman continued: "To enable the Corporation to carry out the terms of these transactions, the directors resolved, as stated in the report, to increase its capital from £300,000 to £500,000, which, should the option of the Agency Company be exercised, will leave 11,500 shares for future issue by the Corporation. The assets of the Forbes Reef Gold Mining Company consist of the sole right to work all the minerals of any kind and all mining rights whatever, 'erecting machinery, water races, water power, timber, and to do all such matters and things as are, or may be, requisite and necessary for the proper and efficient working of the aforesaid minerals' for eighty-one years from this date. The area of the concession is 52,260 acres. Mr. Miller reported on this extensive property, in 1900, as follows:—'The Forbes Concession is an unprospected property, like almost every portion of the country. It abounds in most encouraging formations; but the owners will have to start where they should have commenced years ago, and exploit their reefs and develop them before they expend money on expensive machinery and buildings. Of the many areas in Swazieland, it is uniformly throughout the most promising, and on its future will rest the proof of the payability of the Swazi goldfields. In addition to gold, the property contains good tin, inferior asbestos, and a large body of scheelite.' It is the intention of the board as soon as communications are opened and transport available to proceed with the development of this property. Our general manager, Mr. Miller, was last heard of on his way to Bremerdorp; but the difficulties of the way are likely to delay his arrival there for some little time. The directors are expecting good results from his being once more on the spot and taking active control of the Corporation's affairs. His intimate knowledge of the country and its inhabitants will be of great assistance to the authorities in restoring order after so long a period of insecurity and war. The cash resources of the Corporation after these purchases have been completed will be very strong. We have, as shown in the balance-sheet, Consols to the value of £10,160, worth £9,500; from the African and European Agency, £100,000—£109,500. From this we pay the Forbes Reef a minimum of £23,500, leaving a balance of £36,000, and when the option on 77,000 shares at 25s. is complete, we shall have to add £96,250, with 11,500 shares still in reserve—£182,250." He concluded by expressing the confident belief of the directors in the prosperous future which lies before it. Few South African companies possessed resources of so varied and promising a character, nor had it at any previous period been in such a favourable position for opening them up. With a stable Government, just laws, and security for life and property, population and capital may be expected to flow in, and they felt justified in looking forward to a period of unexampled prosperity in the country.

Mr. George H. Raw seconded the motion, which was unanimously carried. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.



# THE SANTIAGO NITRATE COMPANY, LIMITED.

**THE** third annual ordinary meeting of this Company was held at Winchester House on the 29th October, Mr. Henry W. Lowe being in the chair. The Secretary having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' certificate,

The Chairman, rising to move the adoption of the report and accounts for the year ended 30th June last, said: Gentlemen,—We are extremely gratified to be able on this occasion to place before you a report and statement of accounts so eminently satisfactory as those we are now submitting to you showing a result which surpasses all our previous excellent records. By the profit and loss account which you have before you, you will perceive that there is a gross profit on trading of £77,997 13s. 6d., and after deducting working expenses, depreciation on our stocks and the amount which we usually carry forward to the expenses of the debenture issue, we have left a net profit of £72,426. From this we have paid two interim dividends amounting to £24,000, and we have also provided £15,000 for our debenture service. After deducting these payments we have left as credit balance £32,329, and out of that sum we recommend the payment of a dividend of 6s. per share free of income tax, making a total of 18 per cent. for the year, carrying £20,000 to reserve, and leaving the small balance of £329 to be carried forward. If these recommendations meet with your approval and are carried by your vote to-day, I may have the pleasure of reminding you that during the three years of this Company's existence we shall have paid to our shareholders over £100,000 on a capital of £200,000. In addition to which we shall have paid £30,400 in debentures, besides a premium on that redemption of five per cent., amounting to £1,500, and we carry to reserve £20,000. I am sure that a record like that cannot fail to be satisfactory to every shareholder in this Company. It is a result which has scarcely been attained, I think, by any other English nitrate company. In my remarks last year I alluded to the short production which we were suffering from on account of the scarcity of workmen. Although this has been partially remedied during the year we are now considering, we shall have, I am sorry to say, a shortage of 150 quintals of our production on this present period. I do not look upon this as a very great evil because the same state of affairs has been experienced in other Oficinas, the result being that the total production has been very much less than was anticipated and assimilated itself more nearly to the requirements of trade, thereby maintaining fairly profitable prices. Our profits for the current half-year are showing very satisfactorily, and I hope before long we may be in a position to distribute another interim dividend. I would like to say a word to you in reference to our local board in Chili. They render you very valuable service and assistance in supervising the management of affairs on that side. I am very glad of this opportunity of recording our acknowledgment of appreciation of that service. I am also glad to find that they have recently added to their Council a gentleman, Mr. Pine, of the well-known house of Vorwerk & Co., a gentleman of high position and large experience, whose counsel and assistance at their meetings cannot fail to be of very great service to your interests. Now, gentlemen, the matter of the law suit of the Liverpool Nitrate Company has occupied a very prominent position in the leading financial journals recently, and I am sure you will expect some remarks from me on the matter. Some time before this Company was formed the former owners had a claim against the Liverpool Nitrate Company for trespass upon their grounds and extracting therefrom a considerable amount of Caliche. When this Company undertook the transfer of the property they, of course, took over this claim as one of their assets. The law suit has been going on now for about five years and the advices we received a short time ago were to the effect that judgment had been given by which the Court gave us an embargo on the Liverpool Nitrate Company's property to the extent of 500,000 dollars as security for any ultimate judgment we might recover. When this was announced in the Press the Liverpool Company stated that it was absolutely untrue, and they demanded of us that we should withdraw the statement. We cabled to Chili and found by the reply that the information was strictly accurate, and the irony of that request is shown by the fact that the Liverpool Company appealed from the decision and by the cable advices very recently received we learn that the appeal was dismissed and the original judgment was confirmed. I will now, gentlemen, propose that the Report and Accounts as presented be and they are hereby received and adopted, and that a dividend of 6s. per share be declared payable on 3rd November, and the same, together with Directors' fees, be paid free of income-tax.

Mr. T. Proctor Baptie, in seconding the resolution, said it was a very pleasant thing to be in the position of a director and to second such a report.

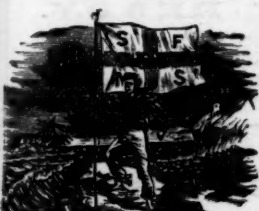
Mr. Alfredo Torres moved, and Mr. Baptie seconded, the re-election of Mr. H. W. Lowe as a director of the Company.

The Chairman, in returning hearty thanks for his re-election, said: I can only assure you that I shall in the future endeavour to do the work I have done in the past, and that is to attend to your interests.

Mr. John Prain moved, Mr. Ackman seconded, and it was unanimously agreed, hat the board be thanked for their services during the year. The Chairman acknowledged the compliment. The proceedings then concluded.

"There is sorrow on the Sea."

## THE SHIPWRECKED Fishermen and MARINERS' Royal Benevolent SOCIETY. OVER HALF A MILLION PERSONS RELIEVED.



The wrecked Sailor, Fisherman, &c., is instantly cared for and sent home; the Widow, Orphan, &c., immediately sought out and succoured; the distressed Seafarer, of every grade, at once charitably assisted.

**CONTRIBUTIONS VERY URGENTLY NEEDED.**  
Chairman,  
Admiral E. S. ADEANE, C.M.G.;  
Secretary, G. E. MAUDE, Esq.,  
Suffolk St., Pall Mall East, London, S.W.

## ROYAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS.

MONTHLY RETURN of CONVICTIONS obtained by the Society's officers during the month ending October 20, 1902:—

Working horses and donkeys in an unfit state .....	342
Beating horses, cattle, dogs, &c. ....	108
Starving horses and cattle by withholding food .....	2
Overloading and overdriving horses and donkeys .....	11
Travelling horses (unharnessed), cattle, &c., when lame .....	19
Conveying sheep, pigs, &c., improperly .....	7
Wild birds—offences during close season .....	4
Owners causing in above .....	176
Inflicting Knackers' Sections of the Act .....	3
Assaulting Officer .....	1

During 1902 up to last return ..... 6,096

Total for present year ..... 6,769

\* Thirty-seven offenders were committed to prison (full costs being paid by the Society), 636 offenders paid pecuniary penalties. (Penalties not received by the Society. Moieties of penalties not accepted.) Police cases, assisted by the Society without personal attendance of its officers, not included. 8,033 total convictions during 1902.

The above return is published (1) To inform the public of the nature and extent of acts of cruelty to animals discovered by the Society in England and Wales; (2) to show the Society's efforts to suppress that cruelty by statutory law; (3) to prompt the police and constabulary to apply the statutes in similar offences; and (4) to make the law known and respected, and to warn cruelly disposed persons against breaking it. Officers are not permitted to lay information except as directed by the Secretary on written evidence. Besides day duty, relays of officers watch all-night traffic of London.

ANONYMOUS COMPLAINTS ARE NOT ACTED ON, BUT ARE PUT INTO THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET. Correspondents are assured that their names will not be given up when letters are marked "Private," but full particulars respecting dates, places, names, and conduct, are absolutely essential, and letters should be posted to, or a call be made promptly at the office.

Cheques and post orders should be made payable to the Secretary, to whom all letters should be addressed. The Society is greatly in NEED OF FUNDS. 105 Jermyn Street, London. JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

P.S.—All the statutes made for the protection of animals have been enacted by influence of the Society and enforced by its operation. It is an educational and punitive agency. It disseminates in schools and among persons having the care of dumb animals upwards of 100 different kinds of journals, leaflets, pamphlets, and small books, all of which are designed to teach the proper treatment of domestic animals and the duty and profitability of kindness to them. By its officers, who are engaged in all parts of England, it cautions or punishes persons guilty of offences. Thus, while its primary object is the protection of creatures which minister to man's wants, in no small degree it seeks to elevate human nature.

Persons who desire to be made acquainted with further particulars should apply to booksellers, for the monthly illustrated journals, "The Animal World," price 2d., and "The Band of Mercy," price 1d., published at 9 Paternoster Row. The Annual Report, price 1s. 3d. to non-members. Books, pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature issued by the Society, a catalogue of which may be had gratis. Monthly Returns of Convictions and cautionary placards will be sent gratis to applicants who offer to distribute them usefully on application to the Secretary.

## AN INSTITUTION WORTHY OF SUPPORT.

## FIELD LANE

## Refuges and Ragged Schools, &c., &c.

VINE STREET, CLERKENWELL, E.C.

Established over 60 Years.

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